Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

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The Vermilion Tower, Grenada.

Granada is a celebrated city in the south of Spain, and capital of the province of that name. Its situation is highly romantic. The town exhibits to the approaching traveller the form of a half moon, its streets rising above each other, with a number of turrets and gilded cupolas, the whole crowned by the Alhambra, or palace of the ancient Moorish kings, and, in the background, the Sierra de Nevada, covered with snow. But, on entering the gates, all this grandeur disappears; the streets are found to be narrow and irregular; the buildings display the marks of decay, and are inferior to those of many other towns in Spain. Granada is built on two adjacent hills, and divided into four quarters. The river Darro flows between the two hills, and traverses the town, after which it falls into the larger stream of the Xenil which flows outside the walls. In point of extent, Granada is nearly as great as in the days of its prosperity. The cathedral is an irregular but splendid building; the archbishop's palace is also extensive and elegant; likewise the mansion occupied by the captain-general of the province. But the grand ornament of Granada is the Alhambra. Though now, like the town, in a state of decay, its remains sufficiently show its original splendor. It commands a beautiful prospect; but a still finer is afforded by another Moorish palace, called the Vermilion Tower, built on an opposite hill. Granada has various manufactures, such as silk and woollen stuffs; it has also a tannery, and a manufactory of gunpowder and saltpetre. Granada is the seat of a university. Population, 66,600; 123 miles E. Seville; 224 S. Malaga; lon. 3° 46' E.; lat. 37° 16' N.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

O gentle SLEEP; thou blessing sent from Heaven;
Thou comforter, to soothe our sorrows given,
Thou nymph serene; who calm'st the troubled mind,
And prove the solace of both king and hind.
He, whom ocean sundered empires serve,
Who dwells beneath a castellated dome;
He, who of the plastic clay and turf,
Rudely constructs his humble cottage home.
Nations—from the savage Tartar horde,
To that which bows to Russia's despot lord,—
...ises, thy o'ercoming presence own,
Yield their homage at thy leaden throne.
The galley slave, who fettered to the oar,
Repining, toils throughout the weary day,
When night arrives, broods o'er his fate no more
But yields his spirit to thy genial sway.
The prisoner, captive in a foreign land,
Who wanders, cheerless, on the ocean's strand,
And gazes wistful o'er the crag-bound main,
For such one glimpse of home, alas! how vain.
Even while he mourns upon his freedom lost,
...ow'rless, he yields his wearied soul to thee,
And sinks, within thy arms, to peaceful rest,
Forgets his chains, and dreams of LIBERTY.
The wave-tost mariner, upon the sea,
When billows swell, and winds are raging free,
When the dark night is 'lumed by lightnings flash,
And waves 'gainst waves in awful conflict dash.
Contending with the elemental might,
Whilst the air-minstrel's shriek their chorus wild,
By thy oblivion wraps his senses quite,
And slumbers calmly as the pillowed child.
The Polish patriot, who, without a crime,
Is banished to Siberia's frigid clime,
Toiling in Tobolsk's mines from day to day
Without one visit from Hope's brightening ray;—
Even he, locked in thy calm embrace
Forgets his misery and his country's woe,
And for a short, a brief though blissful space,
Is joyful o'er IMAGINATION'S flow.
When afflictions vile, envenomed dart,
Pierce within our vain-opposing heart,
And all struggles, all endeavors vain,
...ly serve to aggravate our pain.
When one calm joy remains, one soothing rest
That one consoling, faithful, cheering friend;
'Tis Thee, sweet seraph, to whose dusky breast,
We fly, and all, it all our cares suspend.

Blockley, May 1st.

THE RANSOM.

OR, A FATHER'S LOVE.

"All is gone now—
We must starve—die—all—all—"

These disjointed sentences were uttered by a ...ded man, who perturbedly walked up and down the darkest side of a large and gloomy room. He might be about forty years of age; his countenance strongly marked by the lines of thought and intense suffering. His profuse ... hair hung down in large locks on each side of his face. His make was muscular, yet graceful, his motion easy and rather haughty; indeed, his whole appearance denoted him a gentleman, at once by birth, association, and natural perception of honour. His faded dress consisted of a short mantle of black cloth ... over his chest; with pantaloons of the same ..., and boots of the full and beautiful make of his age and country, though they partook of the ...iness which characterized the rest of his ...

"There—there—again has he ridden by; it is the third day;" and he cast his eyes towards a ... girl, whose noble countenance was slightly flushed.

"Dares he—villain—dares he?" and he caught up a rapier that was lying on a rickety table.

"Calonne, you are not well, my love; lie down; you have had no sleep so long, you are feverish: ...o, love." It was his wife who thus spoke; a woman apparently but little younger than himself. Her figure had naturally inclined a gracefulness?, but was now somewhat attenuated. Her bright brown hair, slightly intersected here and there with a gray streak, was parted on her forehead, and tied round with a band, according to the becoming fashion of the time.—Her face was pale, but full of both tenderness and magnanimity; her eyes large and blue; her nose straight yet short; the nostrils (so expressive a part of the countenance) full of sweetness and lofty sentiment. Her attire was of the ...t brown cloth of the country; but, either from the taste with which it was made up, or the ...t beauty of the wearer's figure, it formed a drapery full of graceful lines.

Such was Madame Calonne, the younger daughter of a noble family of Navarre, and mother to children worthy, in disposition and appearance, of such parents. When she addressed her husband, the sternness of his countenance relaxed, a flood of different feelings rushed on him, his manliness almost gave way; and, covering his eyes with one hand, and also pressing his fingers over them, (whilst with the other he grasped that of his wife,) he seemed to have a violent effort to restrain his tears. Though turning away from her, and taking his deep slouched hat, he passed out of the room. No sooner was he beyond hearing, than Madame Calonne, casting herself into a chair, gave way to no longer repressible emotion. Her daughter immediately set down the work which she had seemed to be entirely absorbed in, tearing open her mother's kerchief, desired Jaques to pour out a glass of water, which, ..., from a large stone pitcher that stood in a corner of their ill-furnished apartment.—Having drank some of it, she almost directly rallied. "It is nothing, love," said she to her daughter: "I don't know how it is, but I get ...ly weak." "My father," replied the affectionate girl, "wants rest; perhaps Bella and Christian may bring some good news from Monsieur Lien, the notary; they *must* return soon; do have a little wine, indeed it is necessary."—"Do, mamma," added Jaques, a fine gentle-looking boy of eleven; and ere he had scarcely got the words out of his mouth, he stood with a little narrow-necked bottle, and a long-shanked prim-looking glass, in the act to pour out. Madame Calonne declined, knowing it to be all there was, and desired Jaques to put it up again, who moved with none of the alacrity he had shown in getting it.

Mons. Calonne, or more properly the Sieur Calonne, was the third son of a noble family of Navarre, who early chose the profession of arms, and drew his sword for the Bourbons and the Huguenots. The destruction of that confederacy, on the assumption of the Regency by Catherine de Medicis, is matter of history. Calonne's small fortune was dissipated by his military levies and exploits, and by the increase of his family. He had now removed to Paris, in order to carry on a law-suit for the recovery of some property of his lady, which held out the only chance of support left to them. They had, at the period in question, been some time resident in that city, the small remnant of their property being gradually exhausted in law expenses, and providing the necessaries of life; they were actually reduced to the last crown—their means of future existence depending on the decision the judges were to give this very day regarding the title to the disputed estate. If that failed (as Calonne reasonably expected, for he knew he was a Huguenot, and had been but lately the enemy of the established government) all would be despair; his own party could not assist him, being almost equally poor and powerless; many of them, indeed, were confined in the prisons of the capital and provinces, under charges of conspiracy against the court; and the prince de Conde, brother to the King of Navarre, was under sentence of death, as were also several of his noble partisans.

It was in such a state of circumstances, that Calonne broke out as shown at the commencement of this narrative. Morbidly alive to his situation and the honour of his family, he was a prey to the most terrific apprehensions; and merely because a young Cavalier chanced three days to ride by his window, he indulged in the idea, (though but for a moment,) that he might have seen Helene, and have given way to those licentious thoughts so prevalent in the country and the age. Stung with the varieties of misery that poverty engenders, he walked forth, unknowing whither he bent his steps.

As he was, on the occasion alluded to, wandering over the Pont de "Hotel Dieu," he met his children, Christian and Bella, returning from the notary's, whither he had sent them with a letter to inquire what would be the likely result to the law suit. Christian rummaged for a note in his little doublet, which he gave his father, saying at the same time, "Oh, father, I am afraid there is no good news, for Monsieur Lien was quite cross, and did nothing but mutter to himself."

Calonne glanced over the letter, and holding it loosely in his hand, exclaimed inwardly, "All is lost!" Recovering himself, however, he said, "Go home, my dears; tell your mother I shall return directly."

"And what does Mons. Lien say, papa?"

"Christian we have no hope there—the judges have decided against us—tell Helene aside, and bid her break it to your mother." The boy burst into tears.

"Go, go home, my children. Christian, be a man—dry your eyes."

"I will—I do; but you'll also come soon."

"Directly; but it is better you should go first. Go, loves, go, go." The children proceeded.

The poor man unconsciously leant his head against the balustrade of the bridge, and, dead to every thing around, was engrossed by the most dreadful considerations. Thoughts unconnected, yet all equally dismal, rushed wildly through his mind. The long vista of futurity developed itself; and he saw life consumed in struggles—existence preserved at the expense of unceasing effort. He saw the elegant, the refined, the noble-minded woman whom he adored, worn down with anxiety, privation, and everlasting endurance; his daughter Helene, his lovely exalted daughter, doomed to have every natural emotion destroyed, or to be exposed to insults and villainy; his other children degraded from their rank, and condemned to a mean and sordid path of life.

His pride was now touched; he started, and stamped with violence; the contumely of the rich, the insolence of the successful, rose to his imagination—the paths of renown he knew were occupied by the possessors of wealth. The idea of the compassion of the coarse maddened him—the familiar friendship of the vulgar he scorned. It is but justice to say, these selfish feelings were transient—the wretchedness of the beings he lived in and for, occasioned the chief pangs that convulsed his soul. "It is no longer the future that is to be considered," exclaimed he; "it is the *present*—now—even now—they want bread!—I will end it!" In the madness of the moment, he made a rush as if to overleap the balustrade! but his arm was caught by the grasp of a rough hand, which roused him from his hallucination; habit immediately resumed its sway, and petty anger at an apparent rudeness occupied a soul which, the moment before, merged every faculty in the strongest throes.

"Your pardon, Monseigneur."

"What is your business?" said Calonne. "Do I know you?"

"Not that I am aware of, Monseigneur," said the stranger, who was a stout muscular man, enveloped in an ample cloak.

"Your business then, sir—"

"Is perhaps of as much importance to you, Monseigneur, as to me; and if you will favour me with a few moments' attention, you will not perchance regret it."

Calonne inquired, "what is the hour?" for he had lost all calculation of time in the rapidity and strong current of his ideas.

"It must be near eight, for the sun has long set."

"Be quick then, sir, in your narration. I know not, indeed, why I stay to listen to it, save that it matters little what I do;—trifle not with me—for I am almost desperate."

"I know it."

Calonne started.

"But had we not best proceed, Monseigneur?—these are troublous times; and if noticed conferring here—especially as we are known to be both Huguenots—it may be dangerous."

Monsieur Calonne eyed his companion for the first time with a most scrutinizing glance—but obtained little satisfaction. The large folds of his cloak, the broad hat slouching over his eyes, and the duskiness, effectually shrouding him: he said, "I do not know you."

The stranger took no notice, but merely asked, "Shall we walk, Monseigneur?"

"I attend you."

Leaving the bridge, they turned down one of those narrow streets that lead to the Pre-aux-Cleres, and all around soon became silent. The houses were large and massive, and the common doors stood open in the manner of our chambers in inns of court. The stillness was only occasionally interrupted by the nimble pushing up of a window, and the cry of "*Gard' de l'eau*," which was simultaneous with a splash in the street—a warning nearly useless any where, in the manner in which it was given, but almost wholly so in these remote and unfrequented streets. This quarter of the town was chiefly inhabited by Huguenots, many of whom had been induced to come to Paris owing to the progress Huguenotism was just now making in the most influential ranks. It is not improbable, here were formed many of the plans of those future struggles for religious liberty, which agitated France with three successive civil wars: the spirit of which so frequently manifested itself, in contentions betwixt the rival parties, now nearly daily, in the Pre-aux-Cleres; but I digress. No sooner had they left the main street, than the stranger informed Monsieur Calonne of his business. "Perhaps, Monsieur," he said, "I have a more extraordinary disclosure to make to you, than was ever yet made by one man to another. I must entreat your forbearance, and request you will not misinterpret as offensive any thing I may say."

"Go on: if you have any claim or necessity for forbearance, you shall have it:—at once to your business." The stranger proceeded thus; "Your circumstances—" Calonne started and reddened, though the latter could not be perceived.

"Your dreadful circumstances are well known both to me and to others—you have thousands of fellow sufferers—I watched your emotion on the bridge. I know you have no prospects but of the most appalling nature."

"Can you brighten them?" said Monsieur Calonne.

"I can," replied the stranger, "as regards your family, but not yourself."

"Oh, speak on!" cried Calonne; "I would relieve their wants even at the price of my existence!"

"It *must be* at that price" replied the stranger.

Monsieur Calonne drew back and clutched his rapier.

"There is no danger of that kind: Listen, Monsieur. Logere is sentenced to execution to morrow morning. You know him?" said the other.

"By name only—he comes from Orleans. Go on—go on."

"His life is invaluable to his party—his wife is rich and despairing. She would save him at any price:—there is but one way—a *substitute*."

The speaker here hesitated, and looked as if expecting Calonne to interrupt him. They were both speechless:—at length, after a long pause, catching hold his arm, Calonne gasped in a hoarse voice—"The sum!"

"Ten thousand crowns."

"Could it be known?"

"As we shall manage, never."

"Who are you?"

"A friend, and agent to Madame Logere, to whom I would introduce you."

"Take me to her."

The agent made no reply, but walked on rapidly, while Monsieur Calonne followed, muttering to himself, "But a little while ago, I would have destroyed life—and now I hesitate, when it will give them all they want—competence—safety;—yet to part—to part—Amelie—Helene!—Ten thousand crowns—Yes—they could return to Navarre—repurchase the chateau, and spend their days peacefully. It shall be so—what is life with poverty?—to die now, or a little while hence—what difference?—none—none."

The stranger moved rapidly and silently, and had already threaded many dingy streets, when he stopped, turned under a low archway, crossed a little quadrangle, and passed up one side of a flight of steps that led to the principal entrance of a large dilapidated house. The door stood half open, and they walked into a marble hall, on one side of which was a broad oak staircase. The stranger made a motion as if to speak, but checking himself, proceeded. At the head of the second flight they came to a landing-place, on which were several doors. The stranger opened one, and they entered a small ante-room.

"Will you wait but a few seconds here?—In that room is Madame Logere."

Calonne bowed assent. The stranger or agent (who was a confidential friend and partisan of Logere, of the name of Maçon,) went into the inner apartment. As he opened the door wide, as if by design, Calonne's eye involuntarily penetrated the farther room: at the other end, by the light of two tall wax candles, he saw a female kneeling, her head buried in her hands.—She appeared not to be roused by the entrance of Maçon, who having closed the door, Calonne judged by a sharp exclamation he heard, that it was not until touched by Maçon, she knew a second person was present. He could scarcely have spoken to her, before Calonne heard another shriek of a different expression, and Maçon, reopening the door, said, "Monseigneur, excuse this waiting: will you enter?"

Calonne did so. He had not got five steps across the broad room, ere Madame Logere, pale as a corpse, and with a wildness that destroyed all thoughts of decorum rushed to him, and had he not caught her, would have fallen to the floor. She exclaimed, "You will save him—you consent! The great God bless you! Take all—but save him—save him!"

Monsieur Calonne tottered—he thought how his wife would suffer. Maçon saw the state of both, and the tears rolled down his rugged face. He took Madame Logere in his arms and placed her in her arm chair. Calonne too sat down, leaning his elbow on his knee, and his forehead on his hand. They were for some time mute, with the exception of the hysterical sobbing of Madame Logere, which having subsided, "Your pardon, Monseigneur," she said, at length; "I am lost to all generosity—I know it; but my passion for my husband overpowers every thing."

Maçon interposed. "Monseigneur," said he, "must be aware, what we offer is from selfishness; Logere is all to us, and we would even sacrifice the noblest man to save him; we must treat this but as a bargain, or we are lost. Here are the title deeds, Monseigneur, of an estate worth upwards of ten thousand crowns; and here are a thousand livres to take possession with."

"I accept them," rejoined Calonne. "I will die. I bind myself to this by every tie divine and human."—Calonne spoke in the wildest yet most solemn tone: the elevation, and excitement he was under, seemed to conquer all earthly particles, and his figure shone, as it were, with the mantling feelings that possessed him. He stood for a moment like a statue. His face was raised upwards; his arm stretched forward; and his thin transparent hand clenched almost convulsively. Relaxing his hand and dropping his arm involuntarily—he continued: "Now let me know the particulars—be as brief as you can, if you please—speak not one unnecessary word."

Maçon immediately replied: "The likeness between you and Logere is most extraordinary. His friends are allowed entrance to him: you will exchange garments, and he will leave the country."

"And I the world!" rejoined Calonne, with a mad laugh.

Maçon proceeded in the same level manner as before—"These estates, or the money they fetch, will be yours to bequeath as you please:—but the hatred of the queen mother is so personal and cruel, that *death* is inevitable;—for to aid in the escape of a criminal would as inevitably condemn you as the unchallenged exchange.—Besides, it is necessary you should give us your word of honour not to reveal that you are other than Logere."

"What is the appointed time?"

"To-morrow."

"So soon?—Oh! Heaven forgive me if I sin!" Calonne turned away towards the window, his lips quivered, and he seemed to ejaculate, though inaudibly. Madame Logere was all this while stupified by the former violence of her emotion. Maçon spoke not, though his rough and muscular figure was violently agitated. Calonne very shortly turned again to them, and said, "I shall now return to my family; by five in the morning I am here again."

Having returned home, the devoted man found his wife and their daughter Helene sitting up for him. Madame Calonne heard his step and started up—as did Helene—but the former, weak from intense anxiety and want of nourishment, fell back again into her chair. Her husband in a moment had his hand in hers and was bending over her—while Helene leant on his shoulder and wept. Madame Calonne soon regained composure sufficiently to say, "Never mind the decision, love, we shall find relief, we shall not be deserted. You are dreadfully exhausted; Oh! do not, love, again stay so long from us."

Monsieur Calonne took hold of the back of a chair, which he leant on for a second or two, and then, sitting down, glared on the floor; there was a deep silence, until the mother said, in a very feeble voice—"There is some bread, Helene." Helene rose, and bringing out a small crust on a little wooden platter, set it down by her father; then, turning away, she pressed the palms of her hands on her eyes.

Monsieur Calonne rose and traversed the apartment: after two or three turns, he said, "I have news to tell you;" and, having taken another turn, added in a low tone—"*good*."

The women both anxiously raised their heads. Calonne avoided their glance, and while walking continued; "One of our party met me today; he has promised me an opportunity of gaining an honorable relief—but—we must part."

Madame Calonne exclaimed, "Oh no, my love, you cannot—do not—mean it; something may arise here!"

Helene sat pondering and silent.

Calonne vehemently proceeded, "Yes, the time is come when my darlings shall be relieved: you shall leave this noisome dungeon. You shall know the comforts, the delights of your proper station and rank. Sweet Navarre shall again cheer—you shall again climb her mountains and view her rich valley; your charms," and he pressed and kissed Helene with violence, "shall not be corroded in obscurity; you shall move in your own station, and enjoy the delights you were born to."

"We want nothing," Helene replied, "but to see you tranquil; and a very moderate competence will make us happy here or any where.—Tell us, my father, by what means we are to be relieved?"

"No matter—no matter—I must leave you—for—a time. Now let us to rest—I am exhausted: you shall know all *to-morrow!*"

"You *are* exhausted, love. To-morrow I trust we shall all be better!"—This was spoken by Madame Calonne.

Helene rose to depart, slowly and thoughtfully; she took hold of her father's hand, and then looked intently into his face.

Calonne put his arm round her, and holding her slantingly from him, passed his other hand across her forehead wildly and dreamingly—then ejaculated, his features turning ashy pale, "Eternal Power, protect her!"

"Come, come, my love, to bed—you are not well; come, come," Madame Calonne said, and gently disengaged Helene. No sooner were they separated, than she rushed back to her father's arms, and kissed him with a vehemence she seldom displayed; he returning her embrace with equal intensity: "God, God bless you, my child!"—she at length tore herself away, hastened to her little closet, and throwing herself on her knees, prayed for strength and support.

When his daughter was gone, Calonne turned to his wife, who perceived that he was greatly disturbed, but knowing that repose was the best, indeed the only restorative they possessed, she urged it again, and forbore to inquire into the cause of his unusual agitation.

Calonne caught her hand, and said "Amelie, I must leave you to-morrow; your future welfare and that of our dear children depends on it. I cannot reveal the cause: it is for us to suffer for our children. When I am gone, all the anxiety will be yours: live for them and in them."

"What *do* you mean, Bertrand? there is more than you tell. What else—what horror is in store for us?" "None, none,—poverty, ignominy, want, are now yours; but in a few days you shall be restored to ease."

"How, how, Bertrand? You shrink,—you change colour."

"Promise, Amelie, by our long years of love, promise that, should any thing happen to me, you will live for them, in them."

The unfortunate wife shuddered and sobbed, and sank her head despairingly upon her husband's shoulder. That was a dreadful night.—In the course of it, Calonne wrote one or two letters to different parties, and no sooner had he completed this requisite task, than his anxious wife and eldest daughter were again beside him. He strove to comfort them as best he might. To their deprecating entreaties, he replied, with urging the necessity of redeeming, by some risk on his part, the entire family from ruin and starvation. At last wearied out by their importunity and Calonne's resolution, they desisted, and Helene said, "Go, my father: whatever be your intention, we will no longer seek to control it.—But consider well, if the danger you are about to undergo, will be counterbalanced by the good. Remember, our peace is in the balance. What—what can recompense us if you have misjudged?"

Calonne stood a moment in deep thought, then said, "Helene! I have determined. I go. And now the cold gleams of day are breaking through the dark horizon. It is time. My wife, my child, farewell!"—We will draw a veil over the agony of Calonne's parting from his entire family.

He soon arrived at Madame Logere's, where he found her and Maçon expecting him,—the former with all the wildness that a *selfish* mind I was going to say—but that could not be the case, since it was for her husband she felt—but I must say that a narrow mind, feels when its sympathies and feelings are excited by one, and one only, being. The latter had determined at any rate to save his friend and partisan; and whatever throes of conscience he might have, they were all repressed by this indomitable determination. Calonne made a slight acknowledgment, and there was something in his manner so overpowering, that both Maçon and Madame Logere felt subdued. "You will give the papers, if you please, now over into my hands?" he said to Mons. Maçon.

"Certainly," replied the latter, and immediately handed a small box in which they were contained. "You will find them all there," said he, "together with the thousand livres."

"It is well," Monsieur Calonne rejoined. "Have you any trusty man at hand who will convey these for me?"—"You shall command one immediately;" and so saying, Maçon called on the landing place for "Louis," and presently the person so named appeared. "Take this box," said Mons. Calonne, "to the Admiral Coligni, and leave it, with this letter." "Directly, Monsieur;" and the man departed.

"It grows late," said Madame Logere; "It is near five—and at six—" Calonne involuntarily shuddered, but in a second said, "I attend you, Madame—let us begone."

Madame Logere hurried on her things, and Maçon approaching, said, "Will you take this cloak, Monseigneur, and forgive our selfishness—our devotion to Logere." "It is a *bargain*, and I thank Heaven for the chance."

They all proceeded to the prison in which Logere was confined. As they crossed the court-yard, they saw on one side the scaffold and fatal implements of death. Madame Logere hid her head in her hands—Calonne viewed them as the warrior viewed the Gorgon shield, but was only petrified for an instant. They were soon conducted to the cell of Logere—his wife rushed forward and clung to him: he was a tall, dark, intellectual-looking man,—in fact, as I have said before, extremely like Mons. Calonne. He clasped her silently, and holding out one hand to Maçon, looked inquiringly at Calonne, and said, in a gentle tone, "Who is this gentleman? what unknown friend does me the kindness to visit me at such an hour?"—"It is indeed a friend," Maçon answered; "one who has made your friends live again; one who is"—and he whispered, "ready to exchange garments with you, and die for you—there is not a moment to be lost—quick, quick, prepare! This gentleman has consented, for the estate in Aveiron, to surrender himself; it is voluntary." "Perfectly so," said Calonne, stepping forward; "and I thank Heaven, that has thus enabled me to redeem my wife—my children—from the worst of human evils—poverty! Monseigneur, I am ready." "Come, come, lose no time, Henri," and Madame Logere began unbuttoning his tunic. "To die for me?" said Monsieur Logere. "What can induce you, sir?"—"My family." "His family, love; we will take care of them, and cherish them. Come, come,—see how alike you are! they will never know; you may pass out, all is prepared for flight; come, come:"—"Never!" said Logere. "What, do you think me?—a coward—a monster? Never!" "You will kill me, Henri. It is Monsieur's wish." "Wish to die?" Said Logere. "Impossible!" And going up to Calonne, "I honour you," he said, "I could love you; and I regret death more than ever, as it deprives me of making such a friend."

Calonne returned the pressure of his hand, and answered, "I have come here to die. I am bent to the performance of my promise to this lady. Befriend my family, and I have not a wish ungratified." "Live and enjoy that family, and the fortune you have thus acquired. I confirm it.—I will hear no more. Let us part here, and hope that in another world we may meet once more."

"Then," said Calonne, "I return your property and beggary and starvation are my family's again. I have made a contract, and as I fulfil my part, I expect you should fulfil yours."

"I knew nothing of it: they *dared* not tell me." Madame Logere interposed: "Hark—hark—they come—fly—change," and she glanced wildly around. Maçon urged it also. "You do not know me," rejoined Logere: and he had scarcely spoken when one of the officers of the prison entered, and requested that Monsieur would hasten the departure of his friends. He glanced doubtingly first at Calonne and then at Logere; but the former immediately enveloping himself in his cloak, the man withdrew, saying it wanted but a quarter of an hour to six. Directly he was gone, Madame Logere, who had been leaning on her husband's shoulder, broke out into a paroxysm of grief and supplication. Logere was deaf to all entreaty—to the sobs—the shrieks—the ejaculations of his wife, and the arguments of his friend. At length the bell sounded, for the first time, the signal of preparation; deeply did it sink into every breast.—Calonne first recovered self-possession, and desired them to envelope Logere in his cloak and convey him forcibly away. Maçon who was an Herculean person, proceeded to do so, and Calonne retired to Logere's seat. While this agonizing scuffle was going on, a noise of footsteps was heard in the passage. "They come!" shrieked Madame Logere. "Henri!"

The doors were thrown open unusually wide, and an elderly, heroic-looking man, (surrounded by others, whose countenance beamed with joy,) came in, and going up to the prisoner, cried, "Saved, saved, Logere!—you are free. Catherine has been compelled to give way to us: Conde is released, and you who were the only exception to the general pardon, are no longer one!"

I will not attempt to describe the unbounded joy of Madame, or the strangeness of feeling on the part both of Calonne and Logere. When these emotions had somewhat subsided, the latter explained to the Admiral Coligni (for it was that nobleman himself) the sacrifice which Calonne had determined to make for his family.

The admiral exclaimed. "Thank God! there is no cause for such noble desperation." Logere grasped Calonne's hand eagerly, and said, "You will be my friend—share *my* fortune, and let me share *your* heart." Calonne covered his head with his cloak, and suddenly turning away to a recess, threw up his clasped hands to Heaven, and stood lost in adoration. Then, sinking on his knees, he poured out his overcharged heart. So true is it, that joy is much more trying to a truly noble spirit than the deepest misery.

The sequel of this story may be guessed at by every generous and feeling mind. The whole party soon quitted the hateful spot of incarceration; and, after reciprocating with Logere promises of lasting regard, Calonne hastened home to relieve the anxiety of his family, and communicate that there would, most probably, be no farther necessity for leaving them. Logere's friendship furnished the means for obtaining a second hearing of the cause respecting Calonne's fortune: and the Huguenots being at that precise period, (in order to serve the political purposes of Catherine de Medicis) not so warmly persecuted, justice was suffered to prevail, and a fair decision given. He took possession of his property, and was enabled to re-purchase his hereditary estate in Navarre; whither the household now retired, as did also the noble-minded Logere,—the two families living in the closest intimacy.

Madame Calonne and Helene, for a long time, turned pale at any mention of circumstances connected with the former condemnation of Logere; and the younger children, as they successively became old enough to estimate duly the motives of their sire, joined their mother and sister in invoking blessings on that head and heart which had, from earliest love to them, entertained the thought of the RANSOM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SYMPTOMS OF GENIUS.

Experience does not seem to have settled the tokens and symptoms by which we may infallibly judge of human genius or capacity. At what age, for example, may a man's productions in poetry afford us a criterion by which to judge of his ultimate attainments? It is very true, if an old fellow of fifty begins to scribble verses which have nothing but the rhyme or numbers, or not even these to recommend them, we may safely admonish him to beware, for Nature never designed him for a poet; but if some accident awaken and direct to poetry *youthful* ambition, by what means shall we ascertain how far the first attempt, supposing the first attempt to be unsuccessful, is a sample of the writer's genuine powers? Every poet must begin, whenever he does begin, with writing badly. He cannot start up from his cradle a Pope or a Milton. A progress that terminates in excellence must yet begin with very rude and jejune attempts, and this beginning must be equally unpromising, whether it take place at the age of ten, or twenty or thirty.

Dean Swift affords a striking example of the uncertainty of these indications. This great man made his entrance into the literary world by one of the most wretched odes that ever disgraced paper. Stiff, uncouth, awkward as to *sense*, and, as to *measure*, even allowing for the great irregularity, insufferable.

The following extract will prove this:—

"The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain,
And thence with joyful, nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again.
Who by that, vainly talks of baffling death,
And hopes to lessen life, by a transfusion of breath.
And seem almost transformed to water, flame and air,
So well you answer all phenomenas there."

If any thing could add to the disgrace of writing such a poem, it was the folly of having addressed it, with a very silly introductory letter, to the writers of the Athenian Oracle. Swift, it has been ascertained, was about twenty-four years of age, when he produced this choice morsel.

What critic, however, wary and candid, would have hesitated to pronounce the writer of such lines incapable of any future excellence! One would naturally suppose, that, at twenty-four years of age, the *man* would have unveiled himself, and the latent genius have broken from its sleep.

THE SKY.

"The sky we look up to though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more because Heaven is there.
MOORE.

Fair sky!—what hast thou in the time of spring?
Birds, borne along on the joyous wing;
Feathery clouds and fleeting showers—
Odors, breathed up from the fresh-blown flowers;
Echoes of voices and song on earth,
Or the child's light laugh and the peasant's mirth;
Blue gleams, bright from the sun-ray's kiss,
And trembling as if from excess of bliss.

And what is thine in the summer's eve,
When the full bright sun hath taken his leave?
Clouds, that are rich as young Hope's dreams—
Rainbow coloring, and amber beams;
Flushes of crimson glory, growing,
Like a maiden's blush, more intensely glowing
Beneath the ardent gazer's view—
Purple twilight and fragrant dew.

What hast thou in the depth of night?
Grandeur, and beauty, and calm moonlight;
Stars, bright stars, on their thrones on high,
Making their voiceless melody.
Prayers, sent up from the sleepless bed—
Sounds of the weary sentinel's tread;
Murmurs of forests, by light winds stirred,
And melting music from night's own bird.

What is below thee?—a land of sin,
Where sorrow and death have entered in;
Where tears have darkened the brightest eyes,
And the rosiest lip breathes forth sad sighs;
Where the sunny curls blanch with the hand of Time,
And the purest of spirits are tinged with crime;
Where the flowers, and the trees, and the birds must die,
And all things tell of mortality!

What is beyond thee?—a world where the power
Of Time cannot whither a single flower;
Where the earthly stains of our human clay
In the streams of mercy are washed away;
Where there comes not a shade o'er the tranquil brow;
Where the voice never sounds in one tone of wo.
Fair sky! we forget half our sorrow and care,
When we gaze upon thee, and think—Heaven is there.

How soon the best plans degenerate into formality, and how often Satan transforms himself into an angel of light. What a fight, race and struggle, the christian warfare is! May I so fight, run and strive, that I may obtain.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

What nation presents such a spectacle as ours, of a confederated government, so complicated, so full of checks and balances, over such a vast extent of territory, with so many varied interests, and yet moving so harmoniously! I go within the walls of the capitol at Washington, and there, under the star-spangled banners that wave amid its domes, I find the representatives of three territories, and of twenty-four nations, nations in many senses they may be called, that have within them all the germ and sinew to raise a greater people than many of the proud principalities of Europe, all speaking one language—all acting with one heart, and all burning with the same enthusiasm—the love and glory of our common country—even if partial do exist and bitter domestic quarrels now and then arise. I take my map, and I mark from whence they come. What a breadth of latitude, and of longitude, too—in the fairest portion of North America! What a variety of climate—and then what a variety of production! What a stretch of sea-coast, on two oceans—with harbors enough for all the commerce of the world! What an immense national domain, unsurveyed, of extinguished, and unextinguished Indian titles within the States and Territories, and without, estimated, in the aggregate, to be 1,090,871,755 acres and to be worth the immense sum of $1,363,589,69—seven hundred and fifty millions of acres of which are without the bounds of the States and the Territories, and are yet to make new States, and to be admitted into the Union! Our revenue, now, from the sales, is over five millions of dollars. Our national debt, too, is already more than extinguished—and yet within fifty-eight years, starting with a population of about three millions, we have fought the war of Independence, again not ingloriously struggled with the greatest naval power in the world, fresh with laurels won on sea and land,—and now we have a population of over thirteen millions of souls. One cannot feel the grandeur of our Republic, unless he surveys it in detail. For example, a Senator in Congress, from Louisiana, has just arrived in Washington. Twenty days of his journey he passed in a steamboat on inland waters, moving not so rapidly, perhaps, as other steamboats move, in deeper waters, but constantly moving, at a quick pace too, day and night. I never shall forget the rapture of a traveller, who left the green parks of New-Orleans early in March; that land of the orange and olive, then teeming with verdure, freshness and life, and, as it were, mocking him with the midsummer of his own northern home. He journeyed leisurely toward the region of ice and snow, to watch the budding of the young flowers, and to catch the breeze of the spring. He crossed the lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne; he ascended the big Tombeckbee in a comfortable steamboat. From Tuscaloosa, he shot athwart the wilds of Alabama, over Indian grounds, that bloody battles have rendered ever memorable. He traversed Georgia, the Carolinas, ranged along the base of the mountains of Virginia; and for three months and more, he enjoyed one perpetual, one unvarying, ever-coming spring—that most delicious season of the year; til, by the middle of June, he found himself in the fogs of the Passamaquoddy, where tardy summer was even then hesitating whether it was time to come. And yet he had not been off the soil of his own country! The flag that he saw on the summit of the fortress, on the lakes near New Orleans, was the like of that which floated from the staff on the hills of Fort Sullivan, in the easternmost extremity of Maine; and the morning gun that startled his slumbers, among the rocky battlements that defy the wild tides of the Bay of Fundy, was not answered till many minutes after on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The swamps, the embankments, the cane brakes of the father of waters, on whose muddy banks the croaking alligator displayed his ponderous jaws, the cotton-fields, the rice grounds of the low southern country, and the vast fields of wheat and corn in the regions of the mountains, were far, far behind him: and he was now in a Hyperborean land—where nature wore a rough and surly aspect, and a cold soil and a cold clime, drove man to launch his bark upon the ocean, to dare wind and wave, and to seek from the deep, in fisheries, and from freights, the treasures his own home will not give him. Indeed, such a journey as this, in one's own country, to an inquisitive mind, is worth all "the tours of Europe." If a young American then, wishes to feel the full importance of an American Congress, let him make such a journey. Let him stand up on the levee at New Orleans and count the number and the tiers of American vessels that there lie four, five and six thick, on its long embankment. Let him hear the puff, puff, puff, of the high-pressure steamboats, that come sweeping in almost every hour, perhaps from a port two thousand miles off, from the then frozen winter of the North, to the full burning summer of the South—all inland navigation, fleets of them, as large as the world can show; with the elegant rooms, neat berths, spacious saloons, and a costly piano, it may be—so that travellers of both sexes can dance or sing their way to Louisville, as if they were on a party of pleasure. Let him survey all these, as they come in with products from the Red River, twelve hundred miles in one direction, or from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, two thousand miles in another direction from the western tributaries of the vast Mississippi, the thickets of the Arkansas, or White river; from the muddy, far-reaching Missouri, and its hundreds of branches: and then in the East, from Illinois, the Ohio, and its numerous tributaries—such as the Tennessee, the Cumberland, or the meanest of which, such as the Sandy river, on the borders of Kentucky—that will in a freshet fret and roar, and dash, as if it were the father of floods, till it sinks into nothing, when embosomed in the greater stream, and there acknowledges its own insignificance. Let him see "the Broad Horns," the adventurous flatboats of western waters, on which—frail bark!—the daring backwoodsmen sallies forth, from the Wabash, or rivers hundreds of miles above, on a voyage of Atlantic distance, with hogs, horses, oxen and cattle of all kinds on board, corn, flour, wheat—all the products of rich western lands; and let him see them, too, as he rides the strong current of the Mississippi, as if the wood on which he floated was realizing the fable of the Nymphs of Ida—goddesses, instead of pines. Take the young traveller where the clear silvery waters of the Ohio become tinged with the mud from the Missouri, and where the currents of the mighty rivers run apart for miles, as if indignant at the strange embrace. Ascend with him farther, to St. Louis, where, if he looks upon the map, he will find that he is about as near the east as the west, and that soon the emigrant, who is borne on the wave of population that now beats at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and anon will overleap its summits—will speak of him as he now speaks of New England, as far in the east. And then tell him that far west as he is, he is but at the beginning of steam-navigation; that the Mississippi itself is navigable six or seven hundred miles upward; and that steamboats have actually gone on the Missouri two thousand one hundred miles above its mouth, and that they can go five hundred miles farther still! Take him, then, from this land where the woodsman is levelling the forest every hour, across the rich prairies of Illinois, where civilization is throwing up towns and villages, pointed with the spire of the church, and adorned with the college and the school—then athwart the flourishing fields of Indiana, to Cincinnati, well called "the Queen of the West"—a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, with paved streets, numerous churches, flourishing manufactories, and an intelligent society too—and this in a State with a million of souls in it now, that has undertaken gigantic public works; where the fierce savages, even within the memory of the young man made the hearts of their parents quake with fear—roaming over the forests, as they did, in unbridled triumph, wielding the tomahawk in terror, and ringing the war-whoop like demons of vengeance let loose from below! Show him our immense inland seas, from Green Bay to Lake Ontario; not inconsiderable oceans, encompassed with fertile fields. Show him the public works of the Empire State, as well as those of Pennsylvania—works, the wonder of the world, such as no one people in modern times have ever equalled. And then introduce him to the busy, humming, thriving population of New England, from the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Switzerland of America, to the northern lakes and wide sea-coast of Maine. Show him the industry, energy, skill and ingenuity of these hardy people, who let not a rivulet run, nor a puff of wind blow, without turning it to some account; who mingle in every thing, speculate in every thing, and dare every thing wherever a cent of money is to be earned; whose lumbermen are found not only in the deepest woods of the snowy and fearful wilds of Maine, throwing up saw-mills on the lone water-falls, and making the woods ring with their hissing music; but found, too, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and coming also on mighty rafts of deal from every eastern tributary of the wild St. John, Meduxnekeag and Aroostook, streams whose names geographers hardly know. And then, too, as if this were not enough, they turn their enterprise and form companies "to log and lumber," even on the Ocmulgee and Oconee of the State of Georgia: and on this day they are actually found in the Floridas, there planning similar schemes and as there are no water-falls, making steam impel their saws. Show him the banks of the Penobscot, now studded with superb villages—jewels of places, that have sprung up like magic.

Show him the hundreds and hundreds of coasters that run up every creek and inlet of tide water there, at times left high and dry, as if the ocean would never float them more; and then lift him above considerations of a mercenary character, and show him how New England men are perpetuating their high character and holy love of liberty—and how, by neat and elegant churches, that adorn every village—by comfortable school-houses, that appear every two miles, or oftener, upon almost every road, free for every body—high-born and low born—by academies and colleges, that thicken even to an inconvenience; by asylums and institutions munificently endowed, for the benefit of the poor:—and see, too, with what generous pride their bosoms swell when they go within the consecrated walls of Faneuil Hall, or point out the heights of Bunker Hill, or speak of Concord, or Lexington.

Give any young man such a tour as this—the best he can make—and I am sure his heart will beat quick, when he sees the proud spectacle of the assemblage of the representatives of all these people, and all these interests within a single hall. He will more and more revere the resique of those revolutionary patriots, who not only left us such a heritage, won by their sufferings and their blood, but such a constitution—such a government here in Washington, regulating all our national concerns—but who have also, in effect, left us twenty-four other governments, with territory enough to double them by and by—that regulate all the minor concerns of the people, acting within their own sphere: now, in the winter, assembling within their various capitols, from Jefferson city, on Missouri, to Augusta, on the Kennebeck; from the capitol on the Hudson to the government-house on the Mississippi.—Show me a spectacle more glorious, more encouraging, than this, even in the pages of all history; such a constellation of free States, with no public force, but public opinion, moving by well-regulated law, each in its own proper orbit around the brighter star in Washington; thus realizing, as it were, on earth, almost practically, the beautiful display of infinite wisdom that fixed the sun in the centre, and sent the revolving planets on their errands. God grant it may end as with them!—*Portland Sketch Book.*

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart
Hath grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And soon to gather up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night; he summoned his accustomed friends,
And in this wise bestowed his last requests:—

"Mother, I'm dying now,
There's a deep suffocation on my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed,
And on my brow I feel the cold sweat stand.
Say, Mother, is this death?
Mother, your hand!
Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head;
And say, sweet Mother say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?

"Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night, to pray,
Nor in the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me.
Oh! at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there.

"Father, I'm going home
To that great home you spoke of, that blest land
Where there is one bright summer, always bland,
And terrors do not come.
From fearless and from pain,
From troubles, fears, you say I shall be free—
That sickness does not enter there, and we
Shall meet again.

"Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stray'd to watch the coming buds and flowers
Forget it not.
Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine.

"Sister, the young rose-tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;
And when its roses bloom
I shall be gone away—my short course run—
And will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb.

"Now, Mother, sing the tune
You sung last night, I'm weary, and must sleep—
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon.

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The morning air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The fragrant odors of the lovely spring.
He breathed it not. The laugh of passers by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful note,
But worried not his slumber—he was dead!

—FOR THE LADIES.—

DUTIES OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

It is the duty of brothers and sisters to delight in each other's society, and readily to share their comforts with each other. I do not say that the young should seek no other companions, but they should cultivate no friendship to the neglect of their own relations. In other companions, treachery may lurk under the smile of complaisance, and speak in the compliments of flattery; but you will assuredly find sincerity in domestic intercourse. The kindness of the heart beams in a sister's smile, and speaks in a brother's praise.—Even when new connexions have brought you into another circle, let there be a place kept in your hearts, and at our table, for your earliest friends. Should Providence raise you to affluence, or station, superior to some of them, you will degrade yourselves by acting to them with haughtiness or reserve. There is no unkindness, and no contempt, that will affect them so painfully as yours. The stronger our claim is to kindness and attention, the more deeply do we feel opposite treatment. It will give the worst impressions of your hearts to those around you, and they will say that none can depend on your friendship and your care, when you are capable of acting thus coldly and harshly to such near connexions. Your hearts must be sadly corrupted, if ever the remembrance of the scenes that passed under a father's roof ceases to interest you, and you find no pleasure in the sight of objects which recal those to your thoughts. The selfish principle pleads strongly for the limitation of our advantages to ourselves, but nature and charity assert the right of others to share them; and far sweeter in possessions are the comforts in which they participate, than those which the grasp of avarice keeps from the sight of every eye, and the touch of every hand, but its own. The selfish man regards this as a dream, and all attempts to convince him how much he would promote his own enjoyment, by liberal feelings and conduct to others, are generally as vain as the appeals that are made to his conscience on the duty and the obligations of benevolence; but I trust it will be your care in the various walks of life in which you are called to move, to do good and to communicate, and to seek your happiness in making others happy.

There have been brothers and sisters so estranged from each other that they have never met during many years; and the only event which brings those together who were cherished in the same bosom, is the funeral solemnity of one of them.—It is scarcely possible that anything can occur which can justify such a total estrangement. Too often the causes which give rise to it are of the most frivolous nature. But are relations and friends the only persons with regard to whom no forbearance is to be exercised, and no forgiveness is to be granted? and will He who commands us to seek a prompt reconciliation with a neighbour at variance with us, hold you guiltless if you live in estrangement from your relatives, and in hostility to them?

Books have been written in a form adapted to catch the fancy of the young, in which the claims of our kindred to our friendship have been strenuously opposed; and in some of them pictures are drawn of brothers and sisters acting with horrid deceit and cruelty to each other. Such publications need not surprise us in an age marked by wild licentiousness of speculation. It was scarcely to be expected that the vain deceit which had laboured to convulse society would spare families; that while it tried to hew down the branches under which communities were sitting, it would pass the humbler ones by which our dwellings were shaded. Such books are an attempt to destroy morality and happiness in their first principles; and they can only be relished by a mind that delights in eccentric speculation, and by a heart that is dead to the voice of nature.

Brothers and sisters should beware of envying one another. It might be supposed that envy would have no place in hearts so closely united; but even in domestic life its workings have been most ferocious and cruel. The idea of one member of a family having more of a parent's favour, being more noticed by those around, and destined to employments superior to the rest, has kindled an envy which has destroyed the attachments and the prospects of domestic life. How dreadful were the consequences of envy in the family of Jacob! It was the partiality of the old man fondly cherished, and imprudently manifested to Joseph, which at last extirpated every kind feeling from the hearts of his brethren, and prepared them for the blackest deeds. Partiality of this kind is the most effectual way of ruining the happiness of the object which it idolizes, and directs against it the arts and the fury of exasperated pride and relentless malice.—When you are tempted to envy a brother or a sister, because they appear to enjoy more of the notice of your parents and your friends than you, consider that this partiality may exist only in your own jealous imaginations; or that if it is real, it is probably owing to their possessing what you have been at no pains to cultivate, and to their acting in a manner which you will not follow. Men are prone to flatter themselves in their own eyes, and to depreciate the merits which are preferred to theirs. Be just to the claims of your relatives, and believe that the calls which urge you to imitate them, and the wishes which are expressed that you were like them, are not the taunts of a foolish and insulting partiality, but the effusions of an enlightened affection, which cannot be blind to your faults, and which is earnestly desirous to find you worthy of its praise.

—Sunday Reading.—

The Death-Bed Comfort of a Christian.

Who ever left the precincts of mortality without casting a wistful look on what he left behind, and a trembling eye on the scene that is before him? Being formed by our Creator for enjoyments, even in this life, we are endowed with a sensibility to the objects around us. We have affections, and we delight to indulge them; we have hearts, and we want to bestow them. Bad as the world is, we find in it objects of affection and attachment. Even in this waste and howling wilderness, there are spots of verdure and of beauty, of power to charm the mind, and to make us cry out, "It is good for us to be here." When, after the observation and experience of years, we have found out the objects of the soul, and met with minds congenial to our own, what pangs must it give to the heart to think of parting for ever! We contract an attachment even to animate objects. The tree under whose shadow we have often sat; the fields where we have frequently strayed; the hill, the scene of contemplation, or the haunt of friendship, become objects of passion to the mind, and upon our leaving them excite a temporary sorrow and regret. If these things can affect us with uneasiness, how great must be the affliction when stretched on that bed from which we shall rise no more; and looking about, for the last time, on the sad circle of our weeping friends;—how great must be the affliction to dissolve at once all the attachments of life; to bid an eternal adieu to the friends whom we long have loved, and to part for ever with all that is dear below the sun! But let not the Christian be disconsolate. He parts with the objects of his affection, to meet them again; to meet them in a better world, where change never enters, and from whose blissful mansion sorrow flies away. At the resurrection of the just in the great assembly of the sons of God, when all the family of heaven are gathered together, not one person shall be missing that was worthy of thy affection or esteem. And if among imperfect creatures, and in a troubled world, the kind, the tender, and the generous affections have such power to charm the heart, that even the tears which they occasion delight us, what joy unspeakable and glorious will they produce when they exist in perfect minds, and are improved by the purity of the heavens! LOGAN.

THE BLISS OF HEAVEN.

Redeemed spirits abide at the source of all felicity, and enjoy inconceivable pleasures. They are completely released from all sins and sufferings, from all temptations and sorrows. Moral evil, with all its attendants, is eternally banished from those bright abodes; for the people who dwell there are all perfectly righteous; nor shall any of the inhabitants of that land say, "I am sick." Their garments are always white; their harps are always tuned. Being with Christ, according to his promise, they behold his glory, and are delighted with his beauty.

Now the immortal spirit is invigorated in all its powers, enlarged in all its faculties, on purpose to render it capable of taking in more copious views, and of receiving abundantly larger emanations of divine love, than it could possibly before enjoy. They have now traced up the streams to the eternal fountain; the beams to the very sun of love. With adoring hearts and ravished eyes, with animated devotion, and notes divinely sweet, they join the heavenly choir in that seraphic hymn, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of his glory!" How inconceivable the pleasure! How divine the joy!

And all their sublime felicity is permanent. The infinite God is their portion, and their "exceeding great reward." Their happiness, therefore, is durable as the divine perfections they adore and enjoy. The limits of their capacities will be for ever enlarging, and for ever receiving greater measures of glory. For the Deity is an infinite source of blessedness; and finite vessels may be for ever expanding, and for ever filling, in that ocean of all-sufficiency. BOOTH.

SORROW.—Sorrow is the genuine effusion of nature. Joy may be assumed, smiles may be on the lips and sweet music may be on the tongue—yet have no acquaintance with the heart. But who will copy the expressions of grief, wear the mask of a dreadful foe, or affect the pangs that remind us of the insecurity of happiness. Education may refine, may renew or efface original impressions, and silence or soothe some of the strongest emotions; but acute distress is the torrent that art cannot suppress, the voice that will be heard, whether in cries aloud, in excess of anguish, or of the pains of memory in solitude. When nature speaks in the powerful language of affliction, and tells of the delicate, strong, deep, enduring feeling, scathed into sorrow, and suddenly broken, few will turn away and refuse to condole with the sufferer. Levity is serious and respectful, the rude courteous and compassionate towards real sorrow—for it indicates the most amiable traits of human character. Tears from such a source leave no stain on the cheek of manhood, or on the pale face of woman, but claim our admiration no less than our sympathies.

Poor human nature! how frequently art thou supported with, in the very halls of thine inheritance! Descended from a God, yet often the jest of shadows, the victim of petty realities! The puncture of a pin, the sting of the vile insects that lives only a few hours, can destroy the life of lordly man, who, though formed in the likeness of his Creator, is as much the slave of insignificant circumstances as the reptile that crawls at his feet. Let us not, however complain—for God is just! Rather let us consider that the present condition of our being is necessary to prepare us for the Paradise that will ultimately ensue. To smile when our feelings are wounded, to spurn the little evils of life, and endure what is unavoidable with firmness, denotes a strong and well-regulated mind. To assist our principles in the presence of life and of death, and look calmly and quietly on the supporter and executioner, sustains the hope that the soul can never die. A virtuous and enlightened mind cannot be the permanent abode of sorrow; it has aids to bear on, besides the consolence of friends. There are duties to perform, rewards to enjoy, and hopes to indulge on earth. If these do not glitter in the gloom of present affliction, imagination may present, beyond the dark curtain of mortality an image at which the mourner might look and forget to weep.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The following account of a most extraordinary instance, which recently took place in England, will be found interesting to "sons of the turf," and proves the wonderful perfection to which our physical powers may be carried by exercise and training. There we probably but very few horses that could perform the distance of fifty miles, in eight hours and thirty minutes, and not be much more distressed than was the winner in the present instance. It is the opinion of many persons, and very intelligents, that man was intended by nature, to be the swiftest animal that moves upon the ground, and there is good reason for this opinion, both in the fact, that no animal possesses a locomotive apparatus,as large and powerful, in proportion to the rest of the body. The ostrich comes the nearest to man, in this particular, and is one of the swiftest animals.

FOOT RACE FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON.

Townsend and Berry, for 50l. a side.

"*Hello, Jem!—Hollo, Tom!*" was the war cry on Monday morning and from half past seven until eight o'clock, crowds of all sorts and sizes congregated at the Obelisk. Sporting gents with the up-over-to-early look of a real townbred man, found their way to the starting post by the latter hour at least, and the men, who were at the tavern, looked well, and felt confident. Two umpires were appointed on each side, and every arrangement had been made for a good start. The morning looked propitious, and though there was but little betting, the race had created a decided great interest. Berry's money was put down by a gentleman, who had backed him for the entire stake, and he, of course, had therefore every inducement to do his best. Townsend was the favourite in London, but in Crawley, Berry was taken for choice, the latter having trained at the Sun, in that town. It was whispered that Townsend had a trial day, and completed the distance in seven hours and twenty minutes after that, started from Brighton to Lewes; Berry had not, at any one time, done the entire distance, but then, Berry had certainly run twenty-five miles in three hours, without any apparent distress, and his speed, together with the fact of his being much the younger, readily inclined to think that the "old one," had caught a Tartar. At three minutes past eight, Townsend was started; he wore an elastic shirt, flannel drawers, cotton stockings, and took no shoes, and on a dark cap, and his waist was bound by a handkerchief of the same colour: he went off at from eight to nine miles an hour, and was followed for the first mile by hundreds, who after words turned back to see Berry start. At twenty minutes past eight, he came out in a similar dress to that of his secretary, saving that his head was tied up in a blue and white spotted handkerchief, and his waist was girt with the like. At twenty-three minutes past eight, he went off at about six, and a half miles an hour.

The Albion Phœnix Townsend was born at Newry, in June, 1793, and therefore will be forty-five this June. His first race was when a boy of ten years of age, round Lewes park, in the magnificent sum of one shilling. He came of a sporting family; his father, who is now the crier of Lewes, and in his sixty-eighth year, having been noted in towns as a trotter near a century ago. Townsend was, we believe, originally a brick-layer, but has latterly taken to the profession of a lamp-lighter, in which capacity he is one of the worst (we use the word only as from the nature of his employment, is continually in transit.) Himself his father, and two of Townsend's sons, one aged 18, the other 13, can be matched to walk twenty-four miles amongst them in one hour. It would be tedious to enumerate the number of matches in which T. has been successful for the last twenty years, we should not exceed the mark. At a long distance, he is perhaps the best man in the world: he is affected with hernia, which makes the feat more remarkable.

John Berry was born in Lancashire, in the year 1806, and is at present in the employ of Mr. Byrne, of the White Hart, Fetter lane, London. He has won many matches in Manchester and its vicinity, and is not considered second to any body in England for thirty miles. His speed is greater, but his lasting qualities inferior to those of Townsend; his employment is less favorable to pedestrianism. Amid other pedestrian exploits, he beat the celebrated Gherman at Shepherd's bush, at ten miles, again at Sunbury common, &c. He had known one mile, running it in four minutes and forty-six seconds; here Goodman, the baker, Gilt yards on Hampstead heath, beat Shepherd two miles at the Cock & Dogs; beat Coates either and last, but least, beat Townsend twenty miles, given him fifteen minutes start.

Last Race.—Townsend went off at score, and maintained his pace for the first eight miles: Berry improved his, and ultimately got beyond nine miles an hour, doing between London and Reigate, one mine in fifty-eight minutes. At every point, persons were made to bet on the "old one" was ahead, and B. it was found gained upon his opponent, and near the nineth mile T. occasionally walked, which B. did not: he took a pull at every seventh mile, and steadily and actually ran into Reigate, without breaking once, in two hours and thirty-six minutes, then winning one hour to bet: at this point Townsend was only four minutes ahead of him. The latter proceeding, but Berry stopped at the town Reigate, to refel: he remained there fifteen minutes here, we conceive, is his fatal error, made there second mistake—there first being their arriving there time to make Reigate at the pace he chose. He packed up sixteen minutes in twenty miles, which he had no business to do. He was extremely true at Reigate to have gone on gently in two minutes, instead of which he was kept upon the first, with some little attention about his change of garments, &c. which though unquestionably necessary in every the case, may made his mind uneasy. He started again, at fourteen minutes past eleven, at a terrific rate. Had his shoes and stockings merely changed, and his feet rubbed with brandy, all might have been well: the pace he made to Horley and the last time would have killed anything. Poor Townsend had hardly left Reigate before the spasm came—run he certainly could not—the pain he endured was evident by the contortions of his countenance, and though he occasionally ran, could have carried him on, he did manage to walk, now and then for a few yards, but that with difficulty; and Berry got on right at the 12th, passed through Horley about twenty, at the 18th, mile stone, just where the boundary to make his money by bets: at this point Townsend was only four minutes ahead of him. The latter proceeded, but Berry stopped at the town Reigate, to refel: he remained there fifteen minutes here, we conceive, is his fatal error, made there second mistake—there first being their arriving there time to make Reigate at the pace he chose. He packed up sixteen minutes in twenty miles, which he had no business to do. He was extremely true at Reigate to have gone on gently in two minutes, instead of which he was kept upon the first, with some little attention about his change of garments, &c. which though unquestionably necessary in every the case, may made his mind uneasy. He started again, at fourteen minutes past eleven, at a terrific rate. Had his shoes and stockings merely changed, and his feet rubbed with brandy, all might have been well: the pace he made to Horley and the last time would have killed anything. Poor Townsend had hardly left Reigate before the spasm—run he certainly could not—the pain he endured was evident by the contortions of his countenance, and though he occasionally ran, could have carried him on, he did manage to walk, now and then for a few yards, but that with difficulty; and Berry got on right at the 12th, passed through Horley about twenty, at the 18th, mile stone, just where the boundary to make his money by bets: at this point Townsend was only four minutes ahead of him. The latter proceeding

BANKING.

We make no apology for so frequently occupying the attention of our readers with this subject. At the present time it is one of vital importance to the community, and the facts concerning it, that are every day becoming more fully developed, have never before been exposed so freely to the public gaze, and deserve recording, both for the sake of diffusing information respecting the present and serving as a subject of reference for future periods.

There are but three causes adduced by the sensible and well informed of all classes and parties, respecting the pressure for money, that has affected to so great an extent, the business transactions of the inhabitants of the United States—these are Overtrading, an erroneous Banking System, and the measures of the administration, in regard to the Currency. Reverse the order in which we have placed them, and a careful examination will show that the evils we complain of will naturally flow from the cause, that will then stand first. To the measures of the government we owe the enormous increase of banking capital, of which overtrading is the natural and sure result. This last is the more immediate and palpable cause of the present distress, and it is the only reason assigned by those who lack the comprehension or the will, to trace it to its origin. To find the remedy for a disease, it is necessary to know its first cause as well as its effects.

Abstract a quantity of water from a large body of it, and a greater quantity than is required will violently rush to fill the vacant space. The surplus quantity will recoil when the space is filled, and throw the whole body of water into agitation. This natural simile will exemplify the effect that was produced throughout the country when the Bank of the United States ceased to exist. To supply its place the Legislature of the several states created new banks, and extended the capital of those already in existence. The void in the currency was filled, but the wisdom of State Legislation, had decided that it should be more than filled—that banking facilities should be increased to prevent the slightest danger of diminution,—and the work of chartering, re-chartering, and extending capital went on. What was the result? The surplus capital thus created, could not be suffered to lie idle—it was too great to be absorbed in the regular course of trade, and in consequence it was loaned out to speculators, brokers, and in short to any one that would take it. This period must be fresh in the memory of every merchant, and remembered with bitter regret, when his notes were actually *solicited* by Bank Directors as a favour, that they might be discounted. It was these unlimited facilities that induced those who had hitherto been pursuing a prudent and safe business, to embark into the vortex of speculation, secure, even if they did become involved, that their credit and facilities at the Bank would help them out. This was a time of commercial prosperity. Every article of commerce and of produce, rose in price—Real Estate, Stocks, and even the common necessaries of life commanded treble their real value.

But this state of things did not endure long.—Heavy losses were sustained by the moneyed institutions, and a regular contraction of their discounts took place. Those who had become involved in speculation, immediately felt the change, and many wisely accommodated their business to its results, by a similar contraction. This was the commencement of the *recoil*.—Others still kept on in the hope that "better times" were yet in prospect. Such was the state of affairs when the Specie Circular was issued, the immediate effect of which was to transfer large amounts of coin from the great cities into the west. The Directors of the Banks were again obliged to curtail their circulation, in order to bring it within the support of its diminished basis. A further contraction of discounts took place in proportion to the amount of specie that was abstracted from their vaults, by order of the government. Those engaged in trade, now found it difficult to obtain discounts, on the most approved business notes, and their business suffered from the withdrawal of the ordinary facilities. Still at this time there was no want of confidence in their credit and stability—but the banks *dared not* extend their circulation, while its basis was rapidly leaving them, and the result was that money became scarce.

We need go no further in this detail, nor relate the various struggles, and heavy sacrifices that have been submitted to by merchants, in order to preserve their credit. Our object was to show that the present evil times cannot be charged to overtrading, for that was the inevitable result of the expansion of bank facilities. Nor are the Directors of Banks liable (except in some few instances,) to any other charge than imprudence, for the expansion of discounts was the natural effect of the large capital, which they were desirous of investing to the best advantage for themselves and their stockholders. The state governments are only liable to the same charge, for creating a greater number of banks than was required to fill the void occasioned by the loss of the National Institution.—But they acted without concert, and in consequence done too much. The blame must lie at the door of those who destroyed the United States Bank. It was this that made the States create more banks than were required, and obliged the Directors of these institutions to encourage speculation and overtrading to employ their capital. It was the government order that withdrew the basis of that capital, and caused a contraction of discounts and circulation, the effect of which has been to plunge the country into a state of ruinous embarrassment, and to create the present "HARD TIMES!"

We have now come to the crisis. The banks of this city, New York, and Baltimore, have suspended specie payment. That this was the best possible movement that could have been made in the present state of affairs, there is no doubt. All that is now required, is confidence in the solvency of these institutions. The regular course of business will not experience any material check, for the country is too rich, both in wealth and resources, to yield to the present shock. We refer the reader to another column for more detailed information.

THE CONVENTION AT HARRISBURG.

The proceedings of the Convention for amending the Constitution, so far as reported in the Harrisburg papers, do not possess the interest that will unquestionably appertain to them at a later date. The choice of officers, clerks and printers, together with the arrangement of the necessary forms and rules for the government of the members in debate, have occupied much time, and figure largely in the reports of proceedings. As soon as these affairs, which are comparatively trifling, have been settled, the more important questions which they have met to determine, will come under consideration.—We will endeavour to present to our readers a weekly abstract of the proceedings on these subjects.

The most important movement yet made, was in the proposition to submit the different articles of the Constitution to separate standing committees, in place of having it acted upon by the whole body of the Convention. This motion was carried after a long and tedious debate.

PROTEST AND EXECUTION.

The Mexican Government has protested against the recognition of the independence of Texas, by the United States. This however is a mere form, as it would be unable to carry any measures of hostility into execution.

The cashier of the Farmers Bank of Chattahoochie, which suspended payment a few weeks since, has published a card to the creditors of the institution, stating that the bills will be redeemed in a short time, the Bank having debts due unto it to more than treble the amount necessary for the redemption of its notes.

Under the general Banking law passed at the last session of the Virginia Legislature, the North Western Bank of that place has increased its capital to the amount of $600,000.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE S. E. POST.

SPAIN.

Extract from the Journal of an Officer of the U. S. Navy, dated

PORT MAHON, JUNE 19th, 1836.

In my view of Gibraltar, I neglected noticing one of the most conspicuous portions of the adjacent scenery; "The Queen's Chair." It is a spot situated upon an eminence on the coast of Spain, overlooking the Rock, and is the subject of observation from the history attached to it. When the Spaniards had possession of Gibraltar, and the English had prepared their attack for its conquest, the Queen of Spain, repaired to the coast, and from the eminence alluded to, anticipated the defeat of the assailants—the glorious victory of the besieged. But fate had ordained otherwise, and the mutability of human anticipations was fully exemplified in this mortified Queen, who returned to her throne the sad witness of her own blasted hopes, and the triumphal entry of her enemies into the boasted inpregnable fortress.

On the 5th having made all necessary preparations, got under way, and beat out of the harbour, and after a pleasant run of six days brought the Island of Minorca in view ahead. Ranged cables, got the anchors off the bows, &c. and at 4 P. M. came to anchor in 4½ fathoms of water, in the harbour of Mahon, within 30 yards of the shore, land-locked on either side, and consequently in a safe and agreeable position.

The streets of Mahon are very cleanly in appearance, and, was not the effect counterbalanced by the filthy and degraded state of the majority of its population, might probably elicit the more favorable notice of its visitants. The fact is, it is composed of an incongruous mass, speaking no definite language, claiming none as their mother country, and who with the exception of their jargon composed of English, Dutch, Spanish and French, bear but little affinity to human nature—and still it is selected as our naval depot, and a return to its loathsomeness, a matter of gratulation among the officers and seamen of our ship on that station. Why is the latter fact the case? The reason is manifest;—The harbour of Mahon has been selected as suitable for "wintering" by some of our commanders, who, it is reasonable to infer had their own views for the choice; but that which strikes me as most plausible is, a desire to throw the proceeds of the ships' payments into this sink of vulgarity—not with a view of benefitting the service,—but of gratifying *personal* propensities, to the great detriment of the morals of the younger officers, and the deprivation of that knowledge and gratification so easy of access in the more enlightened cities on the shores of the Mediteranean.

Little of interest can be said of Mahon. On entering the harbour, it has the appearance of having been once, a well fortified and powerful place; but the dilapidated state of its fortifications, and deserted, desolate appearance of its shores, prove that it is far from having been improved, since it passed from the hands of its former possessors. The English, however, I have understood, destroyed all the most important works, upon delivering it up to the Spanish government, from whom it was taken, I think, during the reign of Geo. II. Shortly after entering the mouth of the harbour, the village of George Town, is seen on the left, of which I know nothing; as the declaration of the author of "Naval Sketches," says that it "is noted for nothing but the profligacy of its inhabitants," subdued all interest relative to it. Our arrival was hailed with joy by the inhabitants of Mahon, as a vessel from the United States is the sure prelude to plenty of work for those, who at other times can scarcely obtain enough, to enable them to enjoy the common necessaries of life. We were immediately surrounded, (though late at night) by a numerous concourse of tailors, shoemakers and butchers, well freighted with recommendations from the officers of other ships, and no doubt, promising to themselves, a rich and abundant harvest. I visited the town next day, in company with other of our officers, and upon landing, was immediately assailed by an immense number of beggars, of all descriptions, ages, sexes and conditions. The younger, in whining accents, exclaiming, "me no father, no mother,—give me a penny to buy bread!"—while the elder, emaciated by want and disease, bestowing upon us a profusion of melancholy and dejected looks—seemed to rely upon their age and infirmities, as the best means of producing our commiseration and assistance. And so it did—For who could look upon age, suffering in that condition, and not be brought to the reflection, that he himself, had parents, and that a reversion of fortune, or the will of Providence might reduce *them* to a situation but little more envinble than that, in which he has just seen the parents of others. At first, we gave readily and freely; but finding our purses, (I speak in the plural, although I can only answer for myself,) not long enough for their continued demands, which, as we gave, grew more importunate and repeated, we were at length obliged to refuse, and before we left there, were suffered to pass almost unmolested.

NAVAL.

The remarks of our foreign correspondent, on the impropriety of making Port Mahon in Spain, a winter harbour for the vessels of the United States Navy in the Mediterranean, though severe, we are assured are well merited. The profligacy that is developed in the manners and customs of the inhabitants of this town, is well known to every European traveller, and the effect, that it must necessarily have upon the morals of the junior officers of our navy, by their constant introduction into scenes of vice and dissipation, is as lamentable, as we are assured, it is apparent. This is a matter of public interest, for those to whom the future defence of our country will in time, be intrusted, should not be subjected to the influence of contamination, but in every instance prevented from familiarizing themselves with any form or aspect of vice,—instead of being obliged to remain in close contact with it, as in the instance alluded to by our correspondent.

Commodore Rodgers has resigned his situation as President of the Board of Navy Commissioners. It is rumored that Commodore Elliot (now absent on a cruise), will be offered his place by the President.

That was a bold reply made by Le Comte d'Harcourt, to the commander of the French army, who asked him if his regiment could force the entry of a certain fortress? "Can the rays of the sun enter it?" "Certainly." "Then the bayonets of my regiment can follow!"

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, states that a large body of Mexican troops, under the command of General Bravo, are in full march for Texas. Their force is between eight and nine thousand. We do not know what reliance to place upon this statement, inasmuch as it completely contradicts all previous accounts from that quarter.

Later intelligence, confirms the election of Bustamente to the Presidency, but makes no allusion to the above report. The inauguration was to take place on the 9th of April. The star of Santa Anna has set.

A society in Boston has erected a boarding house for mariners, under the superintendence of a committee, at the head of which is the Rev. Dr. Taylor, a clergyman highly popular with the sailors. The funds were contributed by the citizens of Boston.

CHARLESTON, May 3.—*The Murder Case.*—The grand jury yesterday found a true bill against the three Spanish seamen of the schooner Moro, mentioned in Monday's Courier, for the murder of David Johnson. The grand jury, at the same time, reported to the court that most of the witnesses they had examined, implicated Antonio Martino, the captain of the Spanish vessel, in the murder, and they therefore presented him for indictment for the same offence. Captain Martino, being in attendance on the court, under recognizance as a witness for the prosecution, was forthwith ordered into custody by the court, and committed to gaol. An indictment will doubtless be preferred against him.—*Courier.*

Is a Free or Despotic Government most conducive to Human Happiness.

A few years ago, this would have been thought a most absurd, as well as a trifling question. It would have been deemed an insult to the common understanding of every man born in Great Britain or America, to suppose this question susceptible of doubt or controversy. A revolution has certainly been effected in many minds, with regard to this question, within the last sixty years. Many of those, who once considered the superiority of political freedom as a point altogether beyond dispute, and as supported, not only by intuitive self-evident truth, but by the long and uniform attestation of experience, have since gone over to the opposite opinion.—Many have found their convictions shaken, and if they have not abjured their ancient creed, begin, at least, to perceive that the truth of it is not quite as clear as they once imagined.

The cause, in a great measure, of this revolution in human opinions may well be divined by taking a cursory glance at the situation of affairs in France for the last fifty years—the horrors and disasters of the last revolution in that country. The scenes of this revolution took place, as it were, under our own eyes, and our sympathy was irresistibly affected. The story being familarly known to us, in all its circumstances and details, the imagination, if we may so speak, was filled with this single object, and grief and detestation excluded or supplanted every other sentiment. It is true, that similar horrors and disasters have taken place in the Greek republics, and in the ancient and modern ones of Italy; but we are little affected by what is distant, and a summary narrative takes no hold of the imagination. Athens, Rome and Florence, were the scenes of commotion and bloodshed quite as dreadful, and, in proportion to their population and territory, quite as extensive as that of France. But the eulogists of civil liberty seldom allowed these parts of the picture to engage their attention. They fixed their thoughts upon individual cases of military heroism, patriotic magnanimity, or intellectual vigor, and these being, as they conceived, the genial products of civil liberty, they admitted no side views of impertinent retrospects to damp their admiration. Now, however, it is not uncommon to perceive a resemblance between the history of the old and new republics. The fruits of ancient liberty, in genius and heroism, begin to dwindle into nothing in our eyes, while the tales of massacre, confiscation, and exile are listened to with new deference and new emotions.

Men are destined to play in human life for manifold stakes of unequal importance. The merchant plays for profit, and hazards his property. The warrior plays for victory or conquest, and hazards his life. Every one who seeks fortune, preferment, or honour, hangs in suspense between the opposite events of success or disappointment. What was staked among the ancients, in their national quarrels, was of greater importance than is risked at war, by the officer or soldier, in any modern nations.—When captives were retained in servitude, or sent to the market for slaves, the soldier exposed not only his life but his personal freedom.—This violation of humanity was enforced by the Romans in all their wars, and by the Greeks put in practice in their contests, not only with barbarian nations, but even with one another.—During the Peloponnesian war, and for many years after it, the republics of Greece were, at home, almost always distracted by furious factions, and abroad involved in sanguinary wars, in which each sought not merely superiority of dominion, but either to completely extirpate all its enemies, or what was not less cruel, to reduce them into the vilest of all states, that of domestic slavery; and to sell them, man, woman, and child, like so many herd of cattle, to the highest bidder in the market.

From this account of the Greeks, some are disposed to infer, they were a wretched people, but we question the truth of the inference. The *fortunes* of men do not always decide their *feelings*. Cervantes wrote his adventures of Don Quixotte in a prison, and, from so vigorous an exercise of all his faculties in that situation, we have reason to conclude that a person may not be wretched though in prison. The human mind gave similar proofs of felicity nowhere more conspicuous than in Greece. And if human life be compared to a game, it was played among ancient nations, and the Greeks in particular, on a stake no less indeed than that of freedom as well as life. But their example should lead us to think that the spirits of men are not greatly damped by the risks which they are made to run in the service of their country. The first citizens in every Grecian state, with this prospect of contingent slavery before them, took their post with alacrity in the armies that were formed for the defence or advancement of their country, and in no quarter of the world was the military character held in higher esteem.—Those nations, at the same time, in other respects, show marks of felicity above what has rarely ever been displayed in any other quarter of the world or age of mankind. In their very language there is evidence of genius or intellectual ability, superior to that of other nations. The order and form of their expression kept pace with the order and discrimination of subjects to be expressed, with all the possible varieties of relation, and with all the subtleties of thought and sentiment beyond what is exemplified in any other known instance. They led the way also in all the forms of literary composition or discourse, under which the human genius is displayed. Their poets, historians, orators, and moralists, preceded those of other nations, and remain unequalled by a majority of those that came after them. Their sculptors, painters, and architects, excelled those of every other nation; and the same genius which rose towards every object, in which excellence or beauty could be required or exhibited, gave also the most masterly examples of civil, political, or military virtues; and, in the whole, gave the most irrefragable evidence of minds no way sank by the sense of oppression, or the gloomy prospect of hazard impending from the loss of liberty, or the fear of slavery, to which they were exposed. The ease and alacrity with which they moved on the highest steps of the political, the moral, and intellectual scale, abundantly showed how much they enjoyed that life and freedom of which they were so worthy, and which they so freely risked in the service of their country. And if the hazard of blessings which they staked in every public contest had at all any effect on their minds, their example may serve to prove that men are not unhappy in proportion to the stake for which they contend; or, perhaps, what is verified in the case of other players as well as in theirs, that persons who are used to a high stake cannot condescend to play for a lower; or that he who is accustomed to contend for his freedom or his life can scarcely find scope for his genius in matters of less moment.

We estimate the felicity of ages and nations by the seeming tranquility and peace they enjoy, and believe them to be wretched under the agitations and troubles which sometimes attend the possession of liberty itself. The forms of legislature, which imply numerous assemblies, whether collective or representative, have been often censured as exposing men to all the inconveniences of faction or party division; but, if these inconveniences are to be dreaded, they nevertheless may be fairly hazarded, for the sake of the end to be obtained in free governments,—the safety of the people—and the scope which is given to all the noble faculties of the human mind.

If we mistake not the interests of human nature, they consist more in the exercise of freedom, and in the indulgence of a liberal and beneficent temper, than in the possession of mere tranquility, or what is termed exemption from trouble. The trials of ability which men mutually afford to one another in the collisions of free society, are the lessons of a school which PROVIDENCE has opened for mankind, and are well known to forward instead of impeding their progress in any valuable art, whether commercial or elegant.

In their social capacity, the most important objects of attention, and the most improv[ing ex]ercises of ability, are enjoyed by the mem[bers] of a free country: forms of government may be estimated, not only by the actual wisdom or goodness of their administration, but likewise by the numbers who are made to participate in the service or government of their country, and by the diffusion of political deliberation and function to the greatest extent that is consistent with the wisdom of its administration.

While those who would engross every power to themselves may gravely tell us, that the public good consists in having matters ordered in the manner they conceive to be right, we may venture to reply, that it consists still more in having proper numbers admitted to a share in the councils of their nation; that though the proverb, in some cases, should fail, and safety should be wanting in multitude of counsellers, yet the multitude of council is in itself a greater public advantage than the talents of any single person, however great, can otherwise procure for his country. Single men may choose a measure or conduct a service better than might be obtained in any concourse of members; but members do more in a succession of ages than any single man could do; and human nature is more interested in having nations formed to the character of manhood and public virtue, than it is in any particular measure of conduct, or the most successful attainment of any particular object.

ARCH ST. THEATRE.

We extend the notice of the performances of last week in order to comprise the representation of the "Hunchback," played on Friday week for the benefit of Mr. Wood. A large audience was in attendance, though owing probably to the warmth of the evening, the house was not filled.

The Julia of Miss Ellen Tree elicited the applause of the audience throughout but more especially in the latter part of her performance, when the interest of the plot is more effectually exhibited. Her chief *forte* as we have before observed lays in the representation of tragic or pathetic scenes. In the difficult part of Master Walter, we think that Mr. Wood was not very successful. His great knowledge of stage effect was however amply sufficient to ensure the attention of the audience. Hamilton as Sir Thomas Clifford, sustained the character with great ability. His occasional faults result most frequently from carelessness, and inattention.—Lindsay as Modus, showed great improvement.

The Mustache of Mr. Wood in the melo-drama of "Henri Quatre" was an admirable performance. The song by Mrs. Rowbotham in the 3d act, was happily executed, though at its close the exhaustion of the actress was too apparent.

Power has been playing during the week at this Theatre. He draws good houses; it being his farewell engagement. The Comedy of the Rivals was performed on Wednesday evening. Power in the part of Sir Lucius was unusually droll. Messrs. Faulkner & Thayer merited approbation in their respective parts. The rest of the performers are undeserving of notice, with the exception of Mrs. Rowbotham's Lydia Languish.

NEW YORK COMMITTEE.

The reply of the President, to the address of the committee of the New York merchants was read to a large meeting of the citizens on Monday evening. Sundry resolutions expressive of their disapproval of its contents were passed. The following is the reply.

Gentlemen, WASHINGTON, MAY 4, 1837.

I have bestowed on your communication the attentive consideration which is due to the opinions, wishes, and interests of that respectable portion of my fellow citizens in whose behalf you act.

In the correctness of the judgment which, in the exercise of an undoubted right you have, in such general terms, pronounced upon particular points in the policy of the late and present administrations, you cannot expect me to concur. My opinions on these points were distinctly announced to the American people before my election, and I have seen no reason to change them. But however much I may differ with you upon them, as well as in respect to the causes, of the existing evil, you may be assured of the warm interest I shall ever feel, in whatever concerns the mercantile community, of my deep sympathy with those who are now suffering from the pressure of the times, and of my readiness to adopt any measures for their relief, consistent of my convictions of duty.

The propriety of giving to the Collectors of the Customs, instructions of the character desired, necessarily involves inquiries into the extent of the power of the Executive over the subject, the present condition of the treasury, and its probable receipts and expenditures, for the remainder of the year.—These examinations have been directed, and are in progress, and the result will be communicated by the Secretary of the Treasury to the Collector at New York, who will be instructed to give it publicity. A few days will be required to arrive at a safe conclusion upon some parts of the investigation, but there shall be no unnecessary delay.

The other subjects to which you have called my attention, are, first, an immediate repeal of the order requiring specie in payment, on sales of public lands, issued by my predecessor, for the purpose of enforcing a strict execution of the act of Congress, which forbids the allowance of credit on such sales; and, secondly, an extra session of Congress. I have not been able to satisfy myself that I ought, under existing circumstances, to interfere with the order referred to.

You must be aware of the obstacles to an immediate convocation of Congress, arising from the imperfect state of the representation in one branch of that body. Several of the States have not yet, chosen their Representatives, and are not to do so for some months to come. Independent of that consideration, I do not see at present, sufficient reasons to justify me in requiring an earlier meeting than that appointed by the constitution.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your obedient Servant,
M. VAN BUREN.

Where is the Specie?—The annexed paragraph is from the St. Louis Rep'n of April 22:—

"The people of the west, it seems to be expected, will stand almost any thing. We have now been for some months paying our portion of the public revenue, derivable from the sale of lands in gold and silver. It costs the poor farmer from five to twenty five per cent, to procure it. It is taken to the deposite banks, sealed, and shortly afterward shipped to Cincinnati and the seaboard—just as $100,000 was sent away at the beginning of this week. It does not return, nor can it, as things now are, be expected to return. Specie is, at this moment, scarcer than it has been for the last fifteen years, notwithstanding there have been such heavy importations of it from abroad. On the other hand, the people of the Atlantic states pay to government the paper of all the banks which are in good standing in the neighborhood. Specie is not exclusively required. They have not to pay a heavy premium, such as is paid by us, for gold and silver. They invariably pay in bank notes. Such is the difference between the people of the West and the North—the one portion is ground to the dust, to obtain specie for the land office: the other is petted, and every thing having a resemblance to bank is paid to the revenue officer."

There is probably a far less amount of specie at the west, either in the banks, or in circulation, than many people imagine. And what they have is of little use to the people, and of none to the country.—The kegs belonging to the government, are rolled about from place to place—*circulating*, to be sure—but not as it was designed to circulate. Every dollar that has been forced into the country, contrary to the regular course of trade, has already cost the country five, and will cost twenty-five, before "the experiment" has worked its perfect work. But where is the specie? We know very well: under the agrarian cry of the dear friends of the people, public and private "credit" has "perished," and the boasted gold instead of being allowed to circulate has been hoarded in small sums, all over the country. It is in the tills of chests in Dutchess and Ulster counties—tied up in stocking feet on Long Island and in New Jersey. As an illustration of this position, we were informed the other day by a broker in Wall street that he had within the last few weeks, picked up in small sums, gold to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for people in the country, who wanted it expressly to lay aside for safety. Now, all this specie, thus hoarded for any substantial good it does, might as well be lying in the bottom of Jacob's well.—*N. Y. Com.*

Bennett, of the New York Herald, says:—"The present evils which afflict the country are the joint production of all parties and all classes. They have been produced by overbanking, overtrading, overspending, overlaving, overreaching, overdriving, overreaching, overcheating, overborrowing, overeating, overdrinking, overpraying, oversinning, overthinking, overplaying, overriding, overtippling, overhadling, and overacting of every kind and description, except *overploughing*, which alone is the foundation of society and the corner stone of civilization."

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annu... cannot ... left, and th... well in self-pr... securing to, and ... the amount in speci... monied Institutions. A... of, has been made upon any ... the commencement of the pan... trary, the deposits by private in... many instances in specie, have inc... may be said to be in a condition, more ... possible, than any other similar institu... the Union; and their paper will, from these c... cumstances, circulate the more readily. They possess all the specie they had months ago, and before the panic commenced, and are therefore perfectly strong and entitled to the highest degree of confidence. No one can condemn them for their determination of last night. It was rendered necessary by the course of the New York and Baltimore banks as well as for the prosperity of our own community.

As preliminary to the course of the Banks, we annex the proceedings of a great public meeting, which was convened at a few minutes notice, at the Philadelphia Exchange last evening. It was, perhaps, the largest meeting ever held in this city under similar circumstances. We have only time to remark that the resolutions, which were read in a clear and distinct manner, so that they were heard by every one present, were adopted by acclamation, and without a dissenting voice. We hazard nothing in saying that they express the sentiments of the entire community.

PUBLIC MEETING.

At a very large meeting of the citizens of the City and County of Philadelphia, held at the Exchange, last evening, BENJAMIN W. RICHARDS, Esq. was called to the Chair, and GERARD RALSTON, Esq. appointed Secretary.

On motion, a Committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, whereupon the committee retired and subsequently reported the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, this meeting has been apprised that most of the state banks of our sister cities of New York and Baltimore, have refused to redeem their paper in gold and silver, and whereas, we have also been apprised that arrangements are now making to drain the specie from the vaults of our banks, with a view to foreign exportation, thereby depriving them of the means of redeeming their domestic obligations to our own citizens; and whereas every consideration of prudence and policy, every consideration of self-defence demands that this calamitous result should be averted. Therefore Resolved—

That this meeting recommend to the different Banking Institutions of the City and County of Philadelphia, if they deem the measure indispensably necessary, to suspend specie payment at present, and until such prudent and precautionary measures be adopted, as a calm consideration of the existing crisis requires.

Resolved, That this meeting recommend to the several Banking Institutions of our City and County, mutual forbearance to and confidence in each other. That they receive the notes of each in payment of the liabilities due to them; and in every way endeavour to give confidence and assurance to our fellow-citizens of the safety and solvency of our Banking Institutions.

These resolutions having been read, were by acclamation unanimously adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

DECISION OF THE PHILADELPHIA BANKS.

At a meeting of the Officers and Directors of the several Banks of the City and County of Philadelphia, held at the Exchange on Wednesday evening, May 10, 1837.

THOMAS SPARKS, Esq., was called to the chair, and Jacob Firth was appointed Secretary.

The proceedings of the meeting of the Merchants and Citizens, held at the Exchange, in relation to the suspension of Specie payments having been presented and read, a Committee of ONE Officer from each Bank was appointed to prepare a preamble and resolutions, who retired, and after some time reported the following, which was adopted:

Whereas, under the peculiar circumstances in which this community finds itself placed by the suspension of specie payments by our sister city of New York, and, whereas, in the existing state of the balances between the cities, which would cause a certain abstraction of the chief part of our specie basis, much of which could never be reclaimed, and whereas, the measure has been recommended by large meetings of citizens, to the proceedings of which publicity will be given in the morning—therefore,

Resolved, That this meeting recommend a temporary suspension of specie payments as a measure which however painful, will be less disastrous to the community and Institutions of this city and county than a vain attempt to continue its payment in the present state of things.

Resolved, That in the meantime the notes of all the Banks will be received at the different Banks as usual, in payment of debts and in deposit.

On motion Resolved, That the proceedings be published and signed.

Suspension of Specie payments in Baltimore.

We are indebted to a highly respectable house in this city, for the following extract of a letter from Baltimore. It will be seen that it was written late on Tuesday night, and contains important inteligence, namely, a recommendation from the Board of Trade in that City, that *all the Baltimore Banks immediately suspend the payment for all notes except those under Ten Dollars.* The Banks were to meet early yesterday morning to decide upon their course, and we doubt not but their decision will be in conformity to the recommendation of the Board.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER DATED

Baltimore, May 9, 1837.

"The Board of Trade met this evening at 7 o'clock, and after deliberating for two hours in private session, repaired to a very large and respectable meeting of the merchants assembled in the Rotunda of the Exchange, the result of their deliberation. The purport of their deliberations was, to recommend that the whole of the banks in this city shall immediately suspend the payment of specie for all notes except those under Ten Dollars, which on being read to the meeting was unanimously concurred in. The Boards of the different banks will be called together to-morrow morning to receive the report of the Board of Trade, and will then decide upon what course they will pursue. The suspension is recommended to continue in force for three months."

THE NEW YORK BANKS.

At a meeting last evening of all the banks in this city, except three, it was

Resolved, That under existing circumstances, it is expedient and necessary to suspend payments in specie.

In the mean time, the notes of all the banks will be received at the different banks, as usual, in payment of debts, and in deposite,—and, as the indebtedness of the community to the banks, exceeds three times the amount of their liabilities to the public, it is hoped and expected that the notes of the different banks will pass current, as usual, and that the state of the times will soon be such as to render the resumption of specie payments practicable.

New York, May 10, 1837.

Seizure of his Britannic Majesty's Sloop Leveret.—The Leveret, a ten gun brig, commanded by Captain Bosanquet, being in the Mozambique channel in the early part of December last, heard that a large slaver had just arrived on the coast, and on the 25th of that month discovered her lying at anchor in a small bay.

The slaver refusing to hold communication with the brig an action commenced. So desperate was the resistance the slaver made, that the Leveret hauled off twice to repair damages, and at length, after having one man killed, and five or six wounded, among whom was her master, succeeded in taking possession of her.

The exact loss of the slaver, which mounted twenty-seven guns, and carried 70 or 80 men, was not mentioned, but must have been considerable. A large quantity of dollars intended for the purchase of slaves, was found, and removed to the Leveret, which proceeded to a Portuguese settlement near Mozambique.

The governor of this place demanded that the slaver should be given up, which being refused by Captain Bosanquet, a large battery, under which the Leveret lay, suddenly opened upon her and obliged her to haul down her colours.—Immediate possession was taken by the Portuguese, of the Leveret and slaver, and the prize dollars removed to the fort. After holding possession of the Leveret eight days, she was delivered up, and Captain Bosanquet immediately returned to Simon's Bay. The moment the Thalia arrived (and she was daily expected) Admiral Campbell intended to proceed to the Mozambique with all the squadron he could muster, and little doubt is entertained, by those who know the decided character of the admiral, that ample reprisals will be made for this unprecedented insult on the English flag.—*Madras Herald, Dec. 29.*

Wholesale Business.—The New York Mercantile has the following under its head of marriages:

MARRIED,

In the ship Gladiator, from London, T. Stephenson, L. Raraetone, A. Briton, A. Brown, W. Johnson, and 134 in the steerage.

The Jim Crow Club dined together on Tuesday, when the Club was presented with a picture designed by Mr. Rice, consisting of various portraits of the members of the Club, all representing crows, Jim Crow being in the centre. The likenesses are extremely good, and the whole has a ludicrous effect.—*Mercury, March 13.*

STAMMERING.

Philadelphia Post Office.

MARRIAGES.

DEATHS.

Observations on Tailors.

A Card.

Baker's Intelligence Office.

PIONEER FAST LINE.

Via Rail-road Cars and Canal Packets, TO PITTSBURGH.

Assignees Notice.

Communication.

To Millers.

Stray Cow.

To the Farmers. GROUND PLASTER FOR LAND.

HIDES, OIL AND LEATHER.

Wanted.

Matting—Matting—Matting.

Brussels Matting.
Variegated and Chequered do.
PLAIN do.

Highly Important!

West of England Cloths.

THE OLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
What gives it all its flavour.

THE PROPER USE OF THE EYES.

Caution, the eyes were not to see with,
No more than wives were meant to go with,
Or milk was sent us to drink out with.

Some sages hint they're meant to weep with,
Others to emit a glimmer, like shows, with:
'Tis my belief they're meant to READ with.

THE RAINY DAY.

"It rains! What lady loves a rainy day?
She loves a rainy day who sweeps the hearth
And threads the busy needle, or spells out
The sentence to the torn or thread-bare sleeve,
Who blesses God that she has friends and home;
Who in the paling of the storm will think
Of some poor neighbor that she can befriend;
Who trims the lamp at night and winds good cheer
To a trusty brother, like his harbor-bell;
Such are not sad even on a rainy day."

IMPORTANCE OF THE REAR RANK.

ARITHMETICAL.

Says a man in the street, to a man in the rear,
"Hold your pence with your conceit that,
You cavorally dog what's the use of you here,
They might as well give a gun to a cat."

ANSWER.

"You pretend not to know what's the use of us here
They know it who're no use at all;
Such heroes as us are slept in the rear,
To prevent you from running away."

A LAUGHOMETER.

Income.		
$10 000 a year.	A most excellent joke.	Convulsive laughter.
5,000 "	A very excellent joke.	A most hearty laugh.
2,000 "	A very good joke.	A good hearty laugh.
1,000 "	A good joke.	A hearty laugh.
500 "	A pretty good joke.	A laugh.
300 "	A considerable joke.	A half laugh.
200 "	A small joke.	A smile.
100 "	A miserable joke.	A broad grin.
At a venture.		Not to be had on any account.

It is proposed that this table should be engraved and published on a neat little card, that it may be conveniently carried in the waistcoat pocket, for use on occasions may require, until the pupil has become thoroughly acquainted with the standard. A larger one might also be printed for counting-rooms and offices, and even for drawing-rooms, if nearly framed, (after the manner of genealogical trees,) and consulting-house almanack.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

THE BARBER.—Charles Lamb, in his Essays of Elia, says of the barber, 'I hope no trade will take offence, or look upon it as an incivility done to them, if I say that in contrary humanity, and all the conversational and social grace, which gentlefolks life, I esteem no profession comparable to his.'

"I regard you no better than a rogue," said Teyshaun to Leg-is-lu Stretch, as they rose from a card table, at which last gambling had been a considerable loser.

"It would," replied the Greek, "be exceedingly rude in me to contradict your lordship, and therefore I candidly own (looking earnestly at the last) that I am not far from a rogue."

The pair bit his lips and walked off.

A man in Ohio well mounted, arguing forward a drove of fat hogs towards Detroit, met a charming lot of little girls, as they were returning from school, when one of them, in a voice that passed the "swinish multitude," made a very precise courtesy. "What are little girls made of?" she did you curtsey to a whole drove of hogs?" "No sir," said she, with a most provoking smile, *only the one on horseback.*"

ROYAL VARIETY IN BARK.—Queen Elizabeth appeared almost daily in different habits, and tried every mode of varying their form. Now she would *sew* neat; but with her clothes. At her *each, three hundred different dresses* were found in her wardrobe.

When Cæsar happened to see some strangers at Rome carrying young dogs and monkeys in their arms, and fondly caressing and feeding them, whether the women in their country never bore any children, was reproving with proper severity those fathers who had not the natural tenderness which is due only to mankind.

At Bristol an old lady fell asleep during divine service, and let her Bible fall which had a large massive clasp, the noise awakened her, the congregation were much surprised by hearing her exclaim in a high key—"Oh hat, Jane! you've broke another jug, have you."

CLASSIFICATION OF DRINKS.—One of the Hing-'alled Rovers of the Mississippi, at New Orleans, has furnished the editor of the little Picayune with the following scientific table of American drinks:

A morning drink is—*the rag and whistle.*
A vegetable drink is—Mint julep.
A poultry drink is—Egg Nog.
A carman's drink is—*A Peal of Stout.*
A summer drink is—A Hail storm.
A funny drink is—Rain, spark.
A parting drink is—"Absent, with my set."
(Meant for "Absinthe with Annoistoe.")
A sailor's drink is—Port.
A soldier's drink is—Gunpowder Tea.
A traveller's drink—Cordial.
A gunner's drink is—Ginger pop.
A rowing drink is—Rum and Jerry.
A laundry's drink is—" *Parfait Amour*"
And a matrimonial drink is—"chamber-rose."

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COURT.

Johnson vs. Kidney, the Brentford Dandy.—The plaintiff was keeper of a coffee house, a poor lone widow woman, and the defendant was an Irish adventurer, who had contrived to get into her debt some 3l. odd shillings; it was, however, restored to 1l. 19s. 11½d. The defendant presented a most remarkable appearance, particularly about the head. He had a mixture of the coon gray visage, while the abundance of dark hair, half matted and half curled, or drawn back in curls, called to mind the forlorn hope of Pompey. The result was, however, the principal feature, and appeared to be cut on the fatty consciousness of a hot potatoe between Cape Clear and a Hill of Howth, whether rotted or kidney.

In short was a red diamond knee;
A carbuncle and a shank was, which gave
A warning sunset and a sign to grog;
To the wise nose, which, though similar gave,
Was by no means the same as that of Jerry.

Commissioner—Pray, madam, what is this dear owing for?

Plaintiff—For more, sir, than I can tell you. That man's appetite, so strong as to break a lady's heart; lal. would not pay me for what he has devoured at my cost. Shall I tell your lordship what he did the week before last?

Commissioner—No, no, we shall form some idea from one day's supply.

Plaintiff—Well, then, I'd tell you for one day. He came down about half-past five in the morning for his lunch before breakfast. On the occasion he smoked a pipe and fire or seven cigarettes, and, as he said, to prevent them rising, he'd drink a pint of tea to every one of them—hours of laughter. About eight o'clock he'd be looking for his breakfast, a couple rashers of ham or bacon, eggs, and sausages, and as much bread-and-butter, or toast, as possible—laughter. Do undone! Sensible!—I beg your pardon for that same; you're not spoken the *broad truth* for to score the times afore that mossel'd had not been chewed and not even.

Plaintiff—I beg you'll not interrupt me, sir. It was eleven o'clock of the same day you had the pensty loaves and mashed eggs for a lunch, and then at one, or half-past one, he looked for your dinner. At three o'clock you'd fancy coffee and toast. At five you took tea, with—I don't knows how many—buttered crumpets. At eight o'clock you'd begin to complain again, and eat about a dozen rashers of potatoes of two to the pound; and, then, at half-past ten, did'nt you always take a hot supper of some four or five pork chops?—the court was here convulsed with laughter—and then the bottle of hot water that you took to bed with you, wasn't it to warm but hot whiskey punch to drink in the night, and all at expense!

Commissioner—What do you say to all this, *Mr. Lodger?*

Defendant—Mighty fine, mighty fine indeed! and so a gentleman is not to have his own enough of anything but he'll be bothered if that same manner? Now, ma bird, I contind, I don't eat more than families. When I first came to Brentford, I didn't know how long I'd stop, and so I looked out for a cheap coffee-house, and I said, says I, herein what I'll eat, what'll mostly keep me from starving. She told me, and then says I, herein the lodgers, what'll I pay a day for me and to eat? and it's a mighty little matter that I am—laughter). She said, me bird, she'd do them things for two shillin a day; and so, as it was all a contract, I'd nathen to do but take me fill of her house, and love me soul.

The above was delivered with considerable solemnity.

The jury, however, appeared to think that the contract was not binding, and the Brentford *Dandy*, was ordered to pay the full amount claimed. It was understood that the plaintiff in this instance, was not the first victim the great gormandizer had victimized.

RECEIPT OF COME TO LAW.—It is essential that the subject of blankets are very prone to irritation, and a curious legend of a law suit is told, which is upon the crain, a good illustration of the absurdity of litigation:

"A century ago, two persons were remarkable here for their superior opulence, and had become the wonder and envy of their poorer neighbours. Their wealth consisted of a flock of sheep. Unfortunately, so some trifling dispute occurring betwixt them, a dissolution of partnership was necessary. It is said the flock one would suppose was not difficult, and they proceeded to partition the property accordingly. They possessed one hundred and one sheep, and fifty fell to the lot of each proprietor: but there was left an odd one, and the question was how was that to be disposed of? Neither would part with his moiety to the other, and after a long and angry negociation, the sheep was left in common property between them. Although the season had not come round when sheep are usually shorn, one of the proprietors soon discovered that he wanted wool for a pair of stockings. He therefore determined that the sheep should be taken off. This was resisted by his co-partner, and the point was finally settled by shearing one side of the animal. Only a few days after, the sheep was found dead in a ditch: one party asserted the accident to be the fault of the other, the animal having urged him to seek shelter in the brutal trench, while the other contended that the wool remaining upon one side, had caused the sheep to lose its equilibrium, and that thus the catastrophe had happened. The parties went to law, and the expenses of the suit actually bankrupted their entire estate, and reduced them to beggary. Their descendants are pointed out to this day, as being the poorest of the community, and litigants are often warned to avoid the fate of Malloy and Malone."

A WARNING TO PARENTS AND GRAND PARENTS.—We find in the following reports of the Baltimore Transcript, the following incident: A poor drunkard was brought before the police magistrate, charged with intoxication, and on being asked why he was drunk, made the following reply:

"Oh sir, many's the time that I've been drunk since I began to take a sup! as a child much; my old dad used to give me the leavings of his horn, and I'd get tipsy on that. As I grew older, I took to it of course, and then the old man used to say, "Charley, my boy, you'll never be the creator, while that you will use, it wan't be help'd though."

Unfortunately, we may mark from this answer of the poor victim of a brutal vice, it is a true history of many confirmed drunkards. The parent's "horn" is the polluted fountain at which children often imbibe a taste for alcohol, and its leavings have accustomed many a man more than one child of misfortune.

AN EASTERN VAPOR BATH.—The first time I entered one, I did not much admire it, nevertheless I went that I was about to witness some mysterious rites in the very temple of Luxury herself. The imitation of the true outer chamber is sufficiently awful—ball shaped figures clattering as wooden shoes across the marble floor, or arabesque forms, covered with sheets, lying in a state of languor on the carpets, and the cross-legged tailor sews for dressing. When I had thrown off my clothes, and twisted a turban round my head and a sheet about my waist, I followed my guide through a dark passage, which grew warmer and warmer at every step, the steam becoming so thick as to threaten suffocation. Beyond this was a chamber with round arches at each end, which people lay extended like corpses, men rubbing them with camel's hair gloves, patting them with their hands, and pulling their joints, as they used to dislocate them. When I passed through this silent scene, but there was no sound nor occasional sigh that announced to the subject under discipline that he might undergo the same, I entered the very centre of all the vapor. Here some lay stretched on the floor in the most complete state of exhaustion, while others sat with their backs to the wall, awaiting their happy moment of oblivion. The real lovers among these, in doubt whether to brave the issue or to fly at once from the shadow. In a very short time, however, I was spoil-bound, and had great difficulty in not struggling for the outer room. Clearly for some time too languid to dress. The effect of this apparently weakening ceremony is delightful indeed. One of the most delicious sensations is the marblelike smoothness of the skin; there is the consciousness of health, and there is the consciousness of an Eastern cry you can bathe for the rest of your life all.—*Major Skinner's Adventures in the East.*

VERNET, THE PAINTER.—Vernet relates that somebody had once employed him to paint a battle piece, and when it was finished, he accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome in the middle distance, when he offered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and figures are well made, but St. Jerome is not in the case."

"I understand you, sir," replied Vernet, "I will alter it."

He therefore took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the Saint seemed not far off. The purchaser was pleased, and Vernet once again appeared to him that the Saint was not in the case. Vernet then took out the Saint and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers to whom he showed the picture, he said, "Here I see a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the case."

"But we do not see the Saint," replied the visitors.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards further back, and I am therefore quite sure he is in it."

A Merry Place.—Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?

"That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think."

"And why?"

Because I am told that there, all bodies lose their gravity.

He was shown to another the error of his ways; as a light shining in the darkness, fire is warmth.—*Dr. Hamilton's Sermons.* Now that the legitimate source of wealth, than all the other sources of enjoyment and happiness, are opened and enlightened by science, the more abundant will be its products; the more elevated its character, the more refined its enjoyments will be. Whatever, therefore, tends to enlighten and invigorate the mind, and to improve the heart, adds to the wealth of the state, and the means for the support of its institutions; and is, therefore, a resource, now indispensable to their profitable management.

Agriculturists are the great duties of our freedom.—They are the foundations of political power, and the true basis on which our liberties must be defied. If the agricultural is slothful, and ignorant, and poor, he is a dependent on the rich and servile. If he is enlightened, industrious and in prosperous circumstances, he will be found the firmest supporter of the rights of mankind, watchful for the public good. His welfare is inseparably connected with that of his country, and virtually fixed to the soil, and has, therefore, a deep interest in its prosperity, and is ready to defend it from the encroachments of foreign or domestic foes. If the agriculturist is rich and intelligent, he prospers, he too may expect to prosper. Hence whatever tends to improve the agriculture of a country, tends to increase the real and solid wealth of the state, and the means for the support of its institutions,